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DE WITT'S ^{V59}
SCHOOL "EXHIBITIONS."

FOR
DAY AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BEING A COLLECTION OF
ARRANGED EXERCISES,

CONSISTING OF

Declamations, Recitations, Dialogues, Tableaux, &c.

SELECTED FOR USE AT

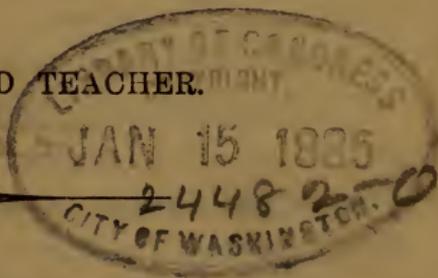
CHRISTMAS, NEW-YEARS, AND OTHER HOLIDAYS,

AT THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL TERMS, AND ON GENERAL OCCASIONS.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER.



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PEEFACE.

THE intent of this little volume is not so much to present and introduce any new or novel features in Entertainments of Day and Sunday Schools, usually termed "Exhibitions," as to arrange in convenient form such exercises, new and old, as have been found by experience to be appropriate for such entertainments, and adapted to the capacities of those who on such occasions sustain the respective parts and characters, and to provide exercises of such scope that all the members of a school, from the primary to the most advanced department, may participate in them without difficulty.

The compiler has experienced no little difficulty, and consumed no small amount of time, in gathering from various sources the material used in such entertainments, from time to time, and the thought that the experience so gained might be useful to others, who for lack of time and want of the proper books to select from, have encountered similar difficulties, was the primary motive for the publication of this book.

No claim is laid to originality, except as to a small portion of the contents of this book ; and to the authors and composers who may herein recognize portions of their own handiwork, due credit has been given, and the compiler's thanks are tendered.

The instructions given for arranging and presenting the Exhibitions are full and clear, and will, if followed, the writer thinks, insure a pleasant and instructive entertainment.

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SCHOOL "EXHIBITIONS."

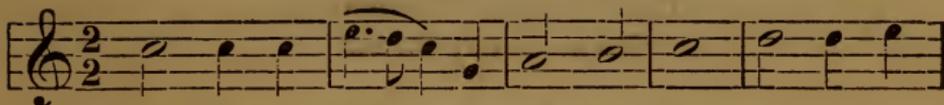
A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

Many Sunday schools, and some day schools, during the holidays, have a Christmas festival, and distribute gifts to the superintendent, organist, teachers, and pupils. To make these occasions more interesting, the children frequently recite pieces, etc. It is sometimes difficult to obtain a sufficient number of suitable exercises where such festivals are held year after year. I give here a few exercises which I arranged for my own use on such an occasion.

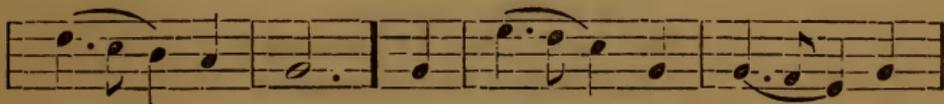
The arrangements for this piece can be made very simple, if necessary; even a curtain is not absolutely essential.

When the curtain rises for the first time, it should disclose the stage (or that part of the room used for a stage), prettily trimmed and decorated for Christmas. On the stage there should be quite a number of very small children, mostly girls. Seated in a conspicuous place, near the middle of the stage, should be the girl (much larger than the others) who is to tell the Christmas Story. A second girl, not quite as large as the first, should ask for the story. The faces, or at least the side faces, of the children should be presented to the audience. When the curtain rises the children should be industriously engaged in making Christmas wreaths, etc., whilst they sing the following song. (It is supposed to be Christmas Eve.)

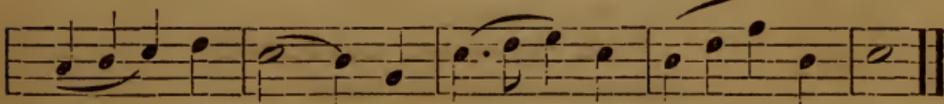
From "Sacred Songs," published in 1842.



1. Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour



prom - ised long; Let ev - ery heart pre -



pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song.

2. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And Heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

The eldest girl should then recite this verse.

Little children, can you tell,
 Do you know the story well,
 Every girl and every boy,
 Why the angels sing for joy,
 On a Christmas morning ?

The girl next in size should then repeat the following verses.

Tell me the old, old story,
 That Christmas story dear;
 How Jesus came from glory
 I long again to hear.

Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child;
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may *take it in*—
 That wonderful Redemption,
 God's remedy for sin !

Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon;
 The "early dew" of morning
 Has passed away at noon !

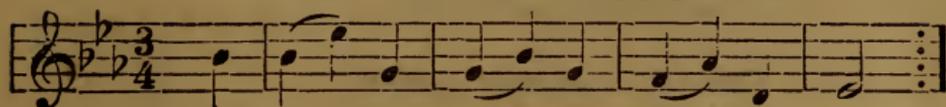
Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave;
 Remember, I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me this Christmas story
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear.

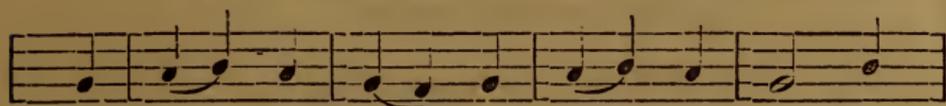
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
 Shall dawn upon my soul,
 Tell me *this* Christmas story,
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Just the moment the above verses are recited, all the children on the stage should sing the following:

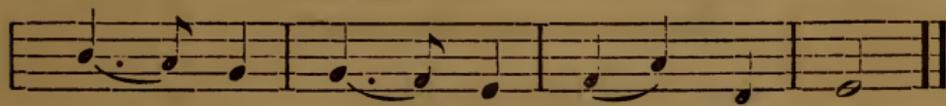
Music from "Sacred Songs," published in 1842.



Lift up your voice both loud and strong,
 Our Sav - iour's love be now your song.



The sto - ry tell so won - drous sweet, Of



our re - demp - tion so com - plete.

As soon as the above verse is sung, the eldest girl should begin to tell the Christmas story in these words:

You ask me for the story,
 That Christmas story dear;
 How Jesus came from glory
 You long again to hear.

You want "the old, old story,"
 And nothing else will do;
 Indeed I cannot wonder,
 It always seems so *new*!

I often wish that some one
Would tell it *me* each day;
I never should get tired
Of what he had to say.

But I am wasting moments !
Oh ! how shall I begin
To tell the Christmas story,
How Jesus saves from sin ?

Listen, and I will tell you ;
God help both you and me,
And make this Christmas story
His message unto thee !

Once, in a pleasant garden,
God placed a happy pair ;
And all within was peaceful,
And all around was fair.

But oh ! they disobeyed Him ;
The one thing He denied
They longed for, took, and tasted ;
They ate it, and—they died !

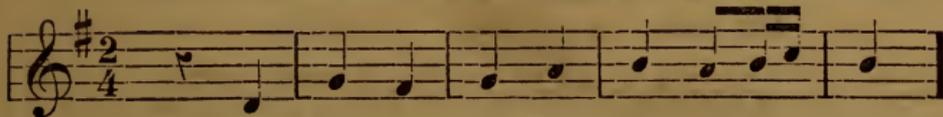
Yet, in His love and pity,
At once the Lord declared
How man, though lost and ruined,
Might after all be spared.

For one of Eve's descendants,
Not sinful like the rest,
Should spoil the work of Satan,
And man be saved and blest !

He should be son of Adam,
But Son of God as well,
And bring a full salvation
From sin, and death, and hell.

Here all the children on the stage, except the girl who is telling the Christmas story, should sing the following verse:

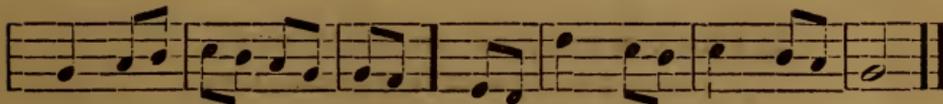
From the "Musical Cabinet," published in 1824.



Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful.... sound!



What pleas - ure.... to our ears; A sovereign



balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

The narrator of the story, then proceeds.

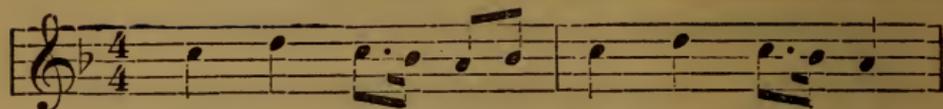
Four thousand years were over;
 Adam and Eve had died,
 The following generation,
 And many more beside.

At last some shepherds watching
 Beside their flocks at night,
 Were startled in the darkness
 By a strange and heavenly light.

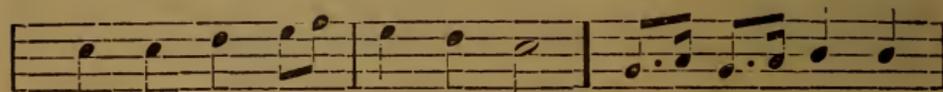
Some of the holy angels
 Had come from heaven above,
 To tell the true, true story
 Of Jesus and his love.

The speaker should here be interrupted by some one singing these two verses. These might be sung by the children on the stage, but the effect would be better if they should be sung by some person unseen to the audience in a soft, sweet voice, at a little distance.

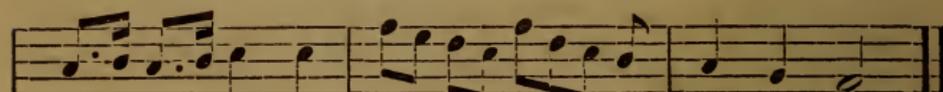
From "Sacred Songs," published in 1842.



1. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry,



Which they chant in hymns of joy; "Glo - ry in the



high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high."

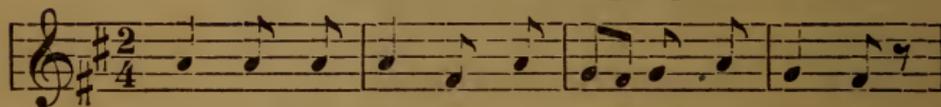
2. Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth His praises sing!
 O, receive whom God appointed,
 For your prophet, priest and king.

After the singing, the narrator immediately resumes the story.

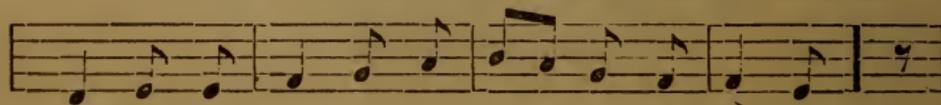
The wise men seeking Jesus,
 Followed the beckoning star,
 And found Him in a manger
 And spread the news afar.

The children, or some person unseen to the audience, should then sing the following verse.

From "Sacred Songs," published in 1842.



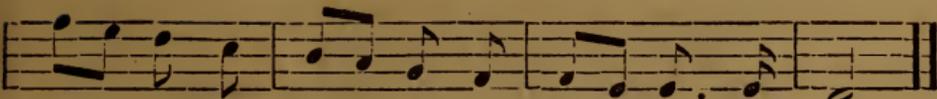
Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shining,



Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:



An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,



Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all.

The story is continued.

And opening their treasures,
 While kneeling at His feet,
 They precious gifts did offer,
 As seemed to them most meet.

The children, or one person, should then sing these verses to the music of the last verse sung.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

The girl immediately resumes the story.

Our Christmas day, dear children,
 Is Jesus Christ's birthday;
 A holiday you call it,
 And spend the hours in play.

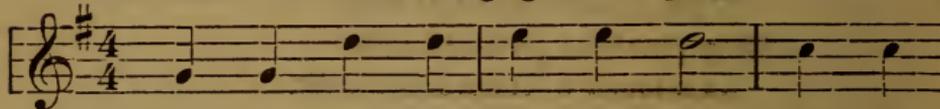
But ne'er forget that Christmas
 Is a *holy* day as well,
 And this sweet Christmas story
 To others you should tell.

Jesus is God's Christmas gift
 To each and every one,
 And we should thank our Father
 Who gave us His dear Son.

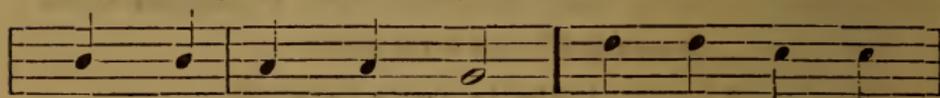
Children, on this Christmas Eve,
 While saints and angels sing,
 Give Christ a gift—your childish hearts
 As precious offerings bring.

When the story is finished, all the children on the stage should sing the following :

Music from "The Juvenile Singing School," published in 1841.



1. Haste, O Christmas, Christmas dear, Haste to



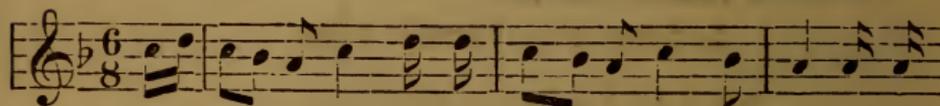
greet our chil - dren here. We have wait - ed,



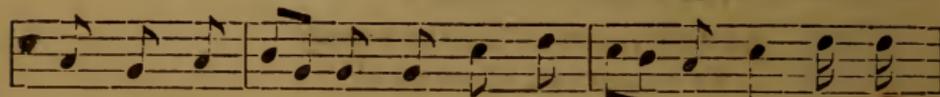
wait - ed long, Come in an - swer to our song.

As the last note of the above music dies away, the response should be heard in the distance, faintly but plainly, growing louder and louder, until CHRISTMAS advances to the centre of the platform, singing. CHRISTMAS should be dressed in some appropriate costume, perhaps in a long white or fur robe, adorned with sprigs of holly and evergreen, and an evergreen wreath on her head.

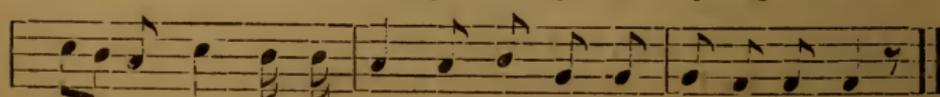
From the Boston Melodeon."



I come, I come! ye have call'd me long, I come o'er the



mountains with light and song: Ye may trace my steps o'er the



sleeping earth, By the songs of watchers a-waiting my birth.

It is needless for me to tell you that I am Merry Christmas, who never yet has asked in vain for a kindly welcome on my annual visit. It is not in the beautiful spring-time, neither in the laughing summer, nor yet in mellow autumn, that I visit the earth, but the cold, dreary winter I lighten and gladden by my presence, till December is the gladdest, most welcome and most honored month of all the twelve.

Thousands of willing hands prepare the wreaths and garlands for my coming, and the evergreens and immortelles speak of the unfading hope that fills each heart, when we remember our first great *Christmas Gift*.

At my approach, the Christmas trees bud and blossom, and their green bough bend beneath their weight of precious fruit. Oh, how dearly I love to watch the sparkling eyes of the children, when they catch the first glimpse of the Christmas candies, nuts and raisins, the books, the statues, the gay pictures, curious toys and games, the sleds, the skates, the velocipedes for boys, and the work-baskets, baby-houses, and the beautiful waxen dolls for girls. I think there are no playthings in which most little girls so greatly delight as dolls; for this reason I ask your careful attention to three of my wonderful wax dolls which I have brought with me this year. I make the claim, which I know you will all admit is indisputable, that nowhere in the wide world can dolls be found that can compare in any manner with mine.

CHRISTMAS should then step a little to one side, and, motioning slightly to a gentleman who has received the necessary instructions, the latter brings forward, one by one, three pretty little girls perhaps four years of age, and places them in a row near the centre of the platform. The children should be taught to press their elbows firmly to their sides, the lower part of each arm being at right angles with the upper part. The gentleman can place his hands under the children's elbows and thus they can be carried wherever necessary. It will be more amusing if the fingers of the little girls should be spread apart in as strange a manner as possible. Then, as the gentleman places each girl in position, he should bend each finger

naturally and arrange the hands as desired. The girls must, of course, be taught to act as if they were really wax. I have found by experience that many small children can do this in a very satisfactory manner. CHRISTMAS then continues her speech.

Here are the dolls of which I have just spoken. Did you ever see anything as beautiful before ?

I know most little girls would be wonderfully delighted should they have the gift of a waxen Parisian doll, that cost, say twenty-five dollars. Oh, how they would expatiate upon the lovely face and features, the jointed limbs, the movable eyes, and the natural hair. Such dolls, I freely admit, are quite good enough for children, but how do they compare with these ? Did you ever see such fine large dolls ? Just look at their hair ; it is all natural, too. Most of the dolls you are accustomed to play with either cannot move their eyes at all, or their eyes can only be closed when lying down. Just notice, if you please, how naturally the eyes of these dolls open and close.

CHRISTMAS passes her hand behind the head of one of the dolls, and pretends to touch a spring, when the doll opens and closes its eyes very slowly. The other dolls could then be made to open and close their eyes, if it seems desirable.

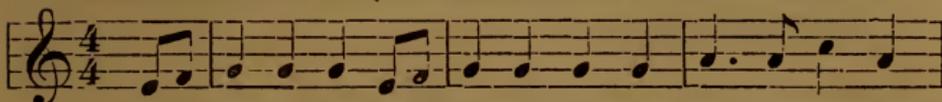
I do not think any of you ever before saw a doll that could walk. This is a walking doll. (*She points to the doll nearest to her.*) You would think by its walk that it is a real little girl.

CHRISTMAS motions to the gentleman, and he lifts the child, stands her in a conspicuous place, pretends to touch the spring, and then the child walks along in a straight line. The little girl should lift her feet in a very stiff manner, and should gradually walk slower and slower until she stops. The gentleman should then turn the child about, pretend to touch the spring, and the girl should walk again. She must be very careful or she will move her head or her hands when walking. When the child stops the second time the gentleman must lift her back to her place.

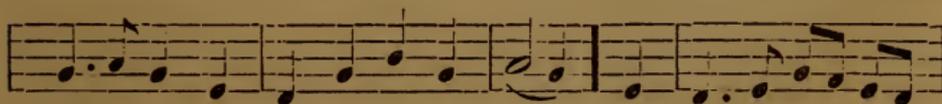
How delighted children usually are with a *crying* doll! That second doll belongs to the class usually denominated *crying* dolls; but I will now show you how superior it is to any you have ever before seen. In my hand I hold a crying doll, such as children usually consider very desirable. Just hear it cry! (*CHRISTMAS holds in her hand a very small doll, which she makes cry.*) Now, I ask you to listen to the crying of yonder doll. (*She makes a slight motion to the gentleman, who appears to touch a spring, and the little girl gives a loud and very long scream, which gradually subsides, as though the machinery were running down.*) I do not think it necessary to ask how these two dolls compare.

The third is a singing doll, and such a one as even Christmas has never before introduced. It is not necessary for me to tell you of the charms of such a doll; she can speak for herself. (*CHRISTMAS motions slightly to the gentleman, who appears to touch a spring, and the child immediately sings the following song. She should be sure and stand very still while singing. It is hardly necessary to say that only those children that will be sure not to laugh should be selected for dolls.*)

Music from "The Juvenile Singing School," published in 1844.



Be - fore all dol - lies, east or west, Girls love the Christmas



dollies best, Just such a one as I; No gold nor jew - els



can compare, With wax - en dol - lies rich and rare, That



walk and sing and cry, That walk and sing and cry.

What amount of money do you think it would take to purchase one of these dolls? Christmas, however, does not *sell* her gifts; and, as the pleasure of anticipation often exceeds the realization, I will not tell the children just now for whom these dolls are intended. (*She motions to the gentleman, who carries the dolls away.*)

It is one of my greatest pleasures to distribute gifts, and I send my messengers into nearly every home in the land. Two of these little ones are approaching now in obedience to my summons.

The following is for use when it is proposed to give some little presents to the superintendent, organist, etc. It can be omitted, or the words can easily be changed to suit the different gifts. If such gifts are to be presented by little children, it will be much prettier if the seats of those who are to receive the presents can be placed so near the platform that, in offering them, the girls will not be obliged to step from the platform. Two or three little girls, according to the necessity of the case, should slowly pass on to the stage, each carrying the gift she is to present, and take the positions assigned them. The first girl then bows to the superintendent, and makes her address somewhat as follows:

Christmas commands and we gladly obey. We are her willing messengers.

Kind Superintendent, we, the children, are grateful for all that you have done and are doing in our behalf. We would thank you at this time for all the trouble you take in trying to teach us to become, in the future, good men and women, and to obey our Saviour, who so dearly loves even the little children. We hope, as we grow older, to more fully appreciate your self-denial. By no means do we forget that this Christmas festival is due to your efforts in our behalf.

We have been told that the smallest Christmas gift should not be despised, if it expresses the good wishes of some loving heart.

Mr. ———, will you accept this Christmas cake from the

little children, who wish you a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"? (*The little girl bows and presents the cake. If there should be nothing but a bouquet to present that word should be substituted for "Christmas cake," and instead of the above address, something like the following may be spoken:*

We have no costly gifts to bring, only a few simple flowers; yet, richer than gold, brighter than gems, here, as in Eastern lands, they speak the pure language of the heart.

The other child, who should be very young, should immediately begin her address, which may be somewhat as follows:

Christmas summons us, the youngest class in the school, to bring our offering to-night.

We gladly obey her call, as we wish to express our good will to the kind lady who furnishes sweet music for our school.

We ask as a favor that she will accept this trifling gift, not, of course, for its value, but as a token of our affection.

If preferred, the address given below may be used:

"Little words are the sweetest; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest; and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs are the dearest loved."

For this reason I, only a little girl, in behalf of myself and little classmates, ask permission to present to our kind friend, who has taught us so many beautiful little hymns, this little present, as an expression of the love and gratitude of little hearts.

Will —— deign to regard our humble offering?

The little girl bows, presents her gift, and the children leave the stage, while CHRISTMAS continues her address.

On Christmas Eve the children listen for the merry sleigh bells and the sound of the reindeer's hoofs, while the wide-mouthed stockings in the chimney corner invite a friendly visit from old Santa Claus, the children's friend. He is my

constant companion, and will therefore visit this school to night.

Both Christmas and old Santa Claus love the children, but they like to have them come to Sabbath school every Sunday, and learn their lessons well. We have brought no nice gifts to those who have forgotten this. Children, allow me to introduce to you dear old Santa Claus. (*The children clap their hands and shout, "Welcome, welcome Santa Claus." The gifts should then be distributed.*)

This exhibition is purposely made quite short, as it takes so long to distribute the presents.

A NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL.

NO. I.—NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.—A DIALOGUE.

SCENE I.—*A printing office. The proprietor stands at his desk, paying a small boy, very poorly dressed, his week's wages. It is New Year's Eve.*

EMPLOYER. You needn't come to-morrow, John. (*He hands the boy two dollars, and the latter walks towards the door. The proprietor calls him back.*) John! you have been a very good boy, and you deserve a New Year's present. Here's a dollar for you. (*The boy looks very much pleased, and his employer, glancing at the boy's feet, notices how very poor his shoes are.*) Which would you rather have, John, the dollar or a pair of new shoes?

JOHN. I'd rather have a pair of new shoes.

EMP. Very well; I'll write you an order on a shoemaker, and you can go and fit yourself. (*He turns and writes the order,*

which he hands to the boy. JOHN looks up beseechingly into his employer's face.)

JOHN. I think, sir, *my* shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending. Wont you please write shoes for my mother, instead of me ?

EMP. Does your mother need shoes badly ?

JOHN. Oh ! yes, sir. She cannot earn much by washing and ironing when she is able to do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and hasn't been able to do anything but a little housework since.

EMP. Are your wages all she has to live upon ?

JOHN. They are at present.

EMP. You have a little sister, I believe ?

JOHN. Yes, sir.

EMP. Does she want shoes, also ?

JOHN. She has had nothing on her feet but old rags for two months.

EMP. Indeed ! (*He turns to his desk, and appears to be thinking.*) Give me that order ! (*The boy does so, and he tears it up, then takes his pen and writes a new one.*) Take this order, John. I have told the shoemaker to give you three pairs of shoes, one for yourself, one for your mother, and one for your sister; and here is the dollar, my boy, you must have that also. (*The boy looks greatly delighted, but for a moment is silent from astonishment.*)

JOHN. Oh ! thank you, thank you, sir. You don't know how much good this will do us.

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE II.—*A room very poorly furnished. The table set for supper. MRS. ELLIOTT sits by the table, sewing by the light of a tallow candle. A little girl about five years old asleep in a cradle or on a lounge. The woman rises, goes to the door and looks out. The cold makes her shiver and she closes the door and resumes her seat.*

MRS. ELLIOTT. My poor boy ! It is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad, too ! I wonder why he

stays so late ! (*There is a noise at the door, and JOHN rushes in with several packages in his arms and three pairs of shoes in his hand. He gives one pair of shoes to MRS. ELLIOTT and holds the others for her to look at.*)

JOHN. There's a New Year's present for you, mother, and here is mine, and that is Nettie's !

MRS. E. Where *did* all these come from, John ?

JOHN. Why, mother, don't you think, after Mr. Andrews had paid me to-night and I was almost to the door, he called me back. I was so afraid he had changed his mind and was about to tell me I must come to the office to-morrow as usual. Instead of this he gave me a dollar for a New Year's present. Oh ! wasn't I pleased ! I suppose he happened just then to notice my ragged shoes, for he asked me which I would rather have, the dollar or a pair of shoes. Of course I said the shoes. Then he wrote me an order for a pair. All the while he was writing I was trying to get courage to ask him to give you the shoes instead of me. When I told him what I wanted he seemed so surprised, and he asked me ever so many questions about you and Nettie. Then he tore up the order and began to write again. Didn't I wonder what he was going to say ! Wasn't I surprised when he told me I could have three pairs of shoes and keep the dollar beside ! I wonder if there was ever a boy so happy as I ! Why, I could hardly thank him ; but if I ever get to be a rich man wont I give all the poor children New Year's presents ! I shan't mind if they don't know how to thank me ; I shall remember just how I felt when we were poor, and I shall know they are thankful inside.

MRS. E. Why, John, John, how fast you do talk ! Oh ! how kind Mr. Andrews was ! What nice presents he has given us, and how thankful we ought to be !

JOHN. I knew the size of shoes you wear, and I thought I could guess at Nettie's size. If they don't fit, the man says he will change them ; and I'll go clear back to the store to-night, but what she shall have her new shoes for New Year's. Wont she be glad ! I wish she were awake.

MRS. E. But you have not told me yet what is in these parcels.

JOHN. Oh! I forgot. That is tea, and this is sugar. (*He lays the two parcels in her lap.*) They are your New Year's presents from me. It is a long time since you have had any tea and sugar, isn't it? This is rice, and it is a present for us all. Can't we have it for dinner to-morrow? Wont you make us a rice pudding?

MRS. E. You are a good boy, John, a very good boy. How thankful a mother ought to be who has such a son. Yes, you shall have a rice pudding, of course. Now take off your shoes, my son, for your feet must be very wet.

JOHN. No, mother, not yet. I want you to try on Nettie's shoes and see if they fit. If they don't, I am going back to the store for a pair that will. She *must* have her shoes for New Year's.

MRS. E. Well, John, I will try them on. It is not every little girl that has such a brother. (*She tries on the shoes.*) Just the thing!

JOHN. Now, mother, try yours on; maybe they wont do. (*MRS. ELLIOTT tries on one of the shoes.*)

MRS. E. They couldn't fit better. Now take off your wet shoes, while I put the supper on the table. (*Some one knocks, and MRS. ELLIOTT opens the door.*)

Enter MR. MAYFIELD.

MR. MAYFIELD. Good evening, Mrs. Elliott.

MRS. E. Why, good evening, Mr. Mayfield. Walk in, if you please. Take a seat. (*She hands her visitor a chair.*)

MR. M. How is your wrist, Mrs. Elliott? Do you think you will be well enough to do my washing soon?

MRS. E. My wrist is better, thank you; but I am not well enough to wash yet. A sprain is long in getting well.

MR. M. How do you get along? Can you do any kind of work?

MRS. E. Only a little about the house.

MR. M. Then you don't earn anything at all?

Mrs. E. No, sir—nothing.

Mr. M. How do you manage to live, Mrs. Elliott?

Mrs. E. We have got along the best we could on John's two dollars a week.

Mr. M. Two dollars a week! You can't live on two dollars a week, Mrs. Elliott; that is impossible.

Mrs. E. It is all we have. (Mr. MAYFIELD *is silent for some time and seems lost in thought.*)

Mr. M. I shall consider it a favor, Mrs. Elliott, if you will allow me to send you a few things to-night as a New Year's present. This is the season when friends remember each other, and tokens of good will are passing in every direction. I have friends, too, and I have laid aside a certain sum of money for the purchase of New Year's presents for them, but I cannot think of anything of which they stand in need, and you must be in great want. I think, therefore, that I cannot do better than to spend all I designed giving for this purpose, in making you a little more comfortable. When the man comes with what I shall send, you will know it is for you.

Mrs. E. Oh! Mr. Mayfield, how *can* I thank you. But, surely, it is not right for you to spend all your New Year's presents on one old woman. You have other friends who will expect to be remembered.

Mr. M. Do not feel troubled, Mrs. Elliott. Those whom I have reason to know are friends, will understand perfectly that I had good reasons for the seeming omission. Good night, Mrs. Elliott. I will drop in and see you again before long.

Mrs. E. Good night, Mr. Mayfield. I wish you as happy a New Year as you have given me.

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE III.—*A sitting room.* MRS. GREEN *sewing*, MR. GREEN *reading*, JANE and LIZZIE GREEN *and their cousin*, MARGARET, *engaged in fancy work.*

MARGARET. Didn't Edward Mayfield make you any kind of a New Year's present, Lizzie?

JANE. No, not even a brass thimble, that he could have

bought for a penny. I think he is a right-down mean, selfish, stingy fellow; and if he does not keep Lizzie on bread and water when he gets her, my name's not Jane Green.

MARGARET. I wouldn't have him, Lizzie. Just think of his letting New Year's go by without making his sweetheart or her sister a present of even the most trifling value! He must have a small soul. Why, Harry Lee sent me 'Tennyson's Poems and a pair of the most beautiful flower vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. Cousin William made me a present of an expensive oil painting, and I received a great many other things from my friends. Why, my table is covered with presents.

LIZZIE. You have certainly been very fortunate, if to receive a great many New Year's presents you consider a fortunate matter.

MARGARET. But, honestly, Lizzie, don't you think Edward ought to have sent you some token of good will and affection in this holiday season, when every one is giving and receiving presents?

LIZZIE. Nothing of the kind was needed, cousin Maggie, as an expression of his feelings towards me. He knew that I understood their true quality, and he probably felt that making me a present would have been useless formality.

MARGARET. Well, at least he might have passed the compliments of the season with Jane.

JANE. Certainly he might. Lizzie needn't try to excuse him after this lame fashion. Of course there is no excuse for this omission, except meanness—that's my opinion, and I speak it out boldly.

LIZZIE. It isn't right to speak so, sister. Edward has other reasons for omitting the prevalent custom at this season—and good reasons, I am assured. As to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you allege sufficient ground for making it.

MARGARET. Well, I do. Why, if I were a young man and engaged to be married to a young lady, I'd sell my shoes but that I'd give her something for a New Year's present.

JANE. Yes, or beg or borrow the money.

LIZZIE. Each one must do as he or she thinks best. As for me, I am contented to receive no holiday gift, being well satisfied that meanness on the part of Edward has nothing to do with it.

MARGARET. Well, come, girls, don't let us sit here all this pleasant afternoon discussing the merits of Edward. Let us go out for a walk.

LIZZIE. So we will, Maggie.

MRS. GREEN. Girls, if you are going to walk, I wish you would stop at the post-office and bring up our letters.

LIZZIE. Yes, mother. Come, Jane, don't you intend to go, too?

JANE. I don't care much about it, but perhaps I might as well. (*The girls leave the room.*)

MRS. GREEN. I *do* wish Edward *had* made Lizzie some kind of a present, if it had been only for the looks of the thing. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since, and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward, and I am a little afraid he *is* close.

MR. GREEN. It is better to be a little close than to be too free. He is doing very well at his business. He has a salary of a thousand dollars, and I suppose it does not cost him more than four or five hundred to live—at least it ought not to do so.

MRS. GREEN. He has bought a snug little house, Lizzie says, and he has just finished paying for it.

MR. GREEN. If he has done that he has done very well, and I can forgive him for not spending his money upon New Year's presents, that are often not of much use, say the best you will of them. I'd rather Edward would have a comfortable house to put his wife in, than to see him loading her down with presents before they are married.

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE IV.—MRS. GREEN'S *sitting room*. MR. and MRS. GREEN, LIZZIE, JANE and MARGARET *present*.

MRS. GREEN. I declare, girls, we have entirely forgotten our

washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliott. It is some weeks since she sent us word she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it was better. I think you ought to go and see her this morning. I shouldn't wonder if she stood in need of assistance. She has two children, and only one of them is old enough to earn anything, and even his pay must be very small. We have done very wrong to forget Mrs. Elliott.

JANE. You go and see her, Lizzie. I don't care about visiting poor people in distress; it makes me feel badly.

MRS. GREEN. You ought to feel happy that you are able to relieve the wants of the poor, Jane.

JANE. I don't suppose it is right to feel as I do, but I had rather not go.

LIZZIE. Oh! yes, Jane, do go with me! I want you to go very much. Poor Mrs. Elliott! Who knows how much she may have suffered!

MRS. GREEN. Yes, Jane, I wish you to go with Lizzie.

JANE. Well, if I must I suppose I must; but I want to tell you now, Lizzie, after we have seen Mrs. Elliott I am coming directly home. If you wish to go to the office, you must go alone.

LIZZIE. Very well, Jane. Will you go with us, Margaret?

MARGARET. Yes; anything for a change.

[*Exeunt* LIZZIE, JANE and MARGARET.]

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE V.—MRS. ELLIOTT'S room. MRS. ELLIOTT sewing, NETTIE playing with a doll. There is a knock, and MRS. ELLIOTT opens the door.

Enter LIZZIE, JANE and MARGARET.

MRS. E. Good afternoon, young ladies. Walk in, if you please. Take some seats.

LIZZIE. How is your wrist, Mrs. Elliott?

MRS. E. It is better, thank you; still, it is too lame for me to do much hard work.

LIZZIE Mother wished us to come around and see how you are getting along. She told us to be sure and inquire if you stood in need of anything.

MRS. E. You are very kind to take so much trouble to inquire after us. You tell your mother I do not stand in need of anything now. I should have needed almost everything, if Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, had not remembered me at New Year's. He sent me a nice little stove and a ton of coal, a barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, tea, sugar, a chicken, a thick warm shawl, stockings, five dollars in money, and some other things. I shall never forget him. He came on New Year's Eve and inquired so kindly how I was getting along and then told me that he would send me a little present instead of sending to those who didn't really need anything, and who might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season.

LIZZIE. Then you do not need anything ?

MRS. E. No, not now. I thank you kindly for your interest, but I am very comfortable. Long before my provisions are gone, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance. (*The girls rise and go to the door.*)

GIRLS. Good afternoon, Mrs. Elliott.

MRS. E. Good afternoon, young ladies.

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE VI.—MRS. GREEN'S *sitting room*. MR. and MRS. GREEN *present, also JANE and MARGARET.*

LIZZIE *enters with her things on.*

LIZZIE. Here, father, are your letters and papers.

JANE. Oh ! Lizzie, I am so glad you have come ! I have just been telling father and mother about what Mrs. Elliott said of Edward. I owe you an apology. Forgive me for my harsh judgment of him. He is generous and noble-hearted. I would rather he had done this than made you a present of the most costly remembrance, for it stamps his character. Lizzie, you may well be proud of him.

MRS. GREEN. I am glad, Lizzie, you have chosen a *good* man, rather than a rich or great one.

MR. GREEN. That was a noble deed ! There is the ring of the genuine coin ! I, too, am proud of him. We must learn a lesson from Edward, and next year we must strive to improve our system of holiday presents. How many hundreds of dollars are wasted in useless souvenirs and pretty trifles, that might do a lasting good if the stream of kind feelings were turned into a better channel.

CURTAIN FALLS.

NO. II.—TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

A DECLAMATION.

There are few people in the world who do not feel at times that it is a very great privilege to be able to "turn over a new leaf." Let me see. Perhaps you are learning to play on the piano. Your teacher puts the music book up before you, and you thump away, an hour at a time, several days out of each week. You put pencil marks under the notes to tell which fingers to use, and figures over them to make the counting easy. The page becomes soiled and dingy. You are tired seeing it every day. You wonder if you will ever be able to play it all over without a mistake. Your lot seems a hard one, to be sure; but how soon you forget all your troubles, when at last the teacher says, "Now you may turn over a new leaf!"

Some of you will remember when you began to learn to write, how awkwardly you held the pen, and how slowly you had to move your fingers to make the straight lines and the round O's on the first page. Perhaps a great drop of ink came from your pen upon the clean white paper; and very likely you tried to rub it off, and so made a long-tailed black comet clear across the page. How sorry you were ! How ashamed to let your teacher see it ! Yet you didn't finish the page that day, or the next, or the next. It was slow work, and oh !

how tired you became, at seeing that great horrid blot before your eyes all the time. What a relief it was, when you had finished the last line on that soiled page, to be able to "*turn over a new leaf.*"

I used to think if ever I should be old enough to write a book of some kind, I should be a great man. I did not know then, what I afterwards found out, and what, perhaps, you have not thought of yourself. It is this. I was writing a book all that time, and I am writing one yet, *and so are you. My life is a book, and so is yours.* As we go on in life, day by day, and year by year, we are, every one of us, writing some kind of a book, line by line, and leaf by leaf. One strange thing about this book-writing in which we are all engaged, is that we can none of us ever stop on any one day and go back to correct what we have written before. If mistakes have been made, they must remain; if we have blotted the page, the blot must stay, however black it looks. Oh! this book-writing of ours would be dreadful, but for one thing—we can each day *turn over a new leaf*, and at least *try* to write better than we have ever done before.

Now, in the year that is past and gone, you and I—all of us—have done many things that are wrong. We have written many things of which we ought to be ashamed. What are we going to do about it? We cannot go back or erase. These records, as far as they have gone, must remain, to witness, for or against us, at the last Great Day, when the "books shall be opened." Poor as our books have been, and unalterable as is the past, one blessed privilege is still ours—we can *turn over a new leaf!*

Now, at the beginning of this new year, are there not some things in which *you* can turn over a new leaf? Cannot you write the rest of your book so well that it will be honored with a second edition in the better world? If you do, then in this new edition the old blots will be wiped away, and the long lists of mistakes will be corrected. There is only one thing that can take the blots out of your life or mine. It is the blood of Jesus Christ. It cleanseth from sin. It is only through the wondrous Redemption wrought out by our

Saviour that God is able to cry out, as He does to a world of blotted lives, "*I, even I, am He that blotteth out.*"

Dear friends, as to the past, look up unto God, who only, through Christ, can blot out our mistakes; and, as to the future, let us all, old and young, right now, at the beginning of this new year, *turn over a new leaf!*

NO. III.—DOTTY DUNNING'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE I.—*Recess at school. Eight little girls playing.*

CLEM MANNERS. Why, Dotty Dunning, how did you come to lose your place in the geography class?

DOTTY DUNNING. Well, now, Clem Manners, I'll just tell you. I could not learn that lesson any how you could fix it. I don't see what those German people gave such horrid names to their cities and rivers for. I tried to study real hard, but every time when I thought I was studying good, I'd find I was only thinking what I should have to eat at my New Year's party.

FANNY ADAMS. Are you really going to have a New Year's party, Dot?

DOTTY. Yes, I am.

HATTIE PALMER. Did your mother say you might have a party?

DOTTY. Why, I don't know as she exactly said I might have a *party*, but she told me I might invite some little girls to see my presents, and play with me on New Year's day.

CARRIE PHILLIPS. I don't call it a party unless you have something to eat.

DOTTY. Of course I shall have refreshments.

HATTIE. Did your mother say you might?

DOTTY. I never asked my mother. I am going to do it all my ownself.

HATTIE. Why, I should think you would ask your mother first !

DOTTY. No, I shan't. She's real loving; she won't care. I'm going to have it a surprise.

EVA BURR. Why, Dotty Dunning, I don't believe you can cook a bit good !

DOTTY. Well, Eva Burr, I just guess I can. I've cooked lots of times. Besides, you know, our teacher says little girls ought to learn how to cook, and it's time I began.

MINNIE MORGAN. I wish you would learn *good*, before you have your party.

DOTTY. I guess I can cook good enough for you, Minnie Morgan.

LOTTIE HOWARD. Are you going to invite us all ?

DOTTY. I don't know. I shall have to count you first. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. My mother said about half a dozen, and that is six, you know; but seven is next to half a dozen, and I guess it wont make much difference. You may all come. Be sure and wear your best dresses, because I want to tell the other girls we had a real stylish party. Clem Manners, I want you to be sure and bring your dear little dog Flip. It is such fun to play with him.

CLEM. Well, I will. (*A bell rings.*)

DOTTY. Oh ! dear; there's that bell !

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE II.—*A portion of the platform should be fitted up to represent DOTTY DUNNING'S play-room. The other part of the platform should be the room for cooking. If there should be a room back of the platform, it would be better to use that for a cook room. BETTY, the cook, might be kneading bread on a kneading-board, placed on a barrel, very near the doorway. DOTTY'S playthings are scattered all about the play-room.*

DOTTY enters the room.

DOTTY. Oh ! Betty, I am real glad you are making bread !

You'll give me a piece of dough, wont you ? that's a dear Betty !

BETTY. Oh ! don't bother me to-day, Dotty ; I'm in such a hurry.

DOTTY. I won't bother you a bit ; just give me a little piece.

BETTY. Well, you must ask your mother.

DOTTY. No, no, Betty, I don't want to. I am going to have a New Year's party, and I'm going to make the refreshments all my ownself. My teacher says little girls must learn to cook, and I should like to know how they ever can if their mothers and cooks wont let them.

BETTY. Run along and ask your mother first.

DOTTY. No, Betty, I want it to be all a surprise. (BETTY has been making biscuits. She now leaves the room and is gone some time. While she is gone, DOTTY takes one of the biscuits, rolls it up in her hands and drops it on the floor once or twice. She picks it up and plays with it again. She lays it down when she hears BETTY coming.)

Enter BETTY.

BETTY. Have you been handling that biscuit ?

DOTTY. Yes. Mayn't I have it, now it's so soiled ?

BETTY. Yes, but take the dirty thing right off my kneading-board. You must not touch my dough when I leave it.

DOTTY. I guess I will make some biscuits for my party. What shall I do for a kneading-board, Betty ?

BETTY. Oh ! I don't know ; take almost anything.

DOTTY. I guess my slate will do first rate ; but what can I cut out my biscuits with ?

BETTY. I don't know ; take my brass thimble.

DOTTY. What can I bake my biscuits in ?

BETTY. Here is a pan. Now don't bother me any more. (DOTTY gets the slate and thimble and sits down on the floor and cuts her biscuits. When she has finished she carries them into the other room and then returns.)

DOTTY. There, Betty, I have got my biscuits in the oven.

BETTY. I hope there is a good fire. It would be *such* a pity to have those biscuits spoil.

DOTTY. So it would. It is a great deal of work to have a party. (BETTY is now making cake.) Now, Betty, I'm afraid I shan't have a very good party unless you give me some of that cake. Do, that's a dear Betty!

BETTY. Do stop teasing, Dotty. (DOTTY goes out and brings in a small round pan and a spoon. She holds up the pan to BETTY.)

DOTTY. Just give me a little bit of cake in my pan. You would be ashamed for me to have a party without any cake. (BETTY puts a little of the cake in the pan.)

BETTY. Oh! what a tease you are! (DOTTY stirs the cake with a spoon. There are some raisins on the table.)

DOTTY. Now, Betty, I want just eight raisins to put in my cake; one for each of us girls.

BETTY. Well, take the raisins; and now don't bother me any more. (DOTTY stirs in the raisins.)

DOTTY. There, now, I guess my cake is ready to be baked. (She goes into the other room and pretends to put the cake into the oven.) Betty, can't you let me have some cheese?

BETTY. No, we haven't a bit of cheese in the house.

DOTTY. Well, then I shall go right over to the store and buy some. I've got ten cents. Mother always has cheese when she has a party.

BETTY. You mustn't spend your money without asking your mother.

DOTTY. Oh! yes I shall. Mother always lets me do just what I want to with my money. (She takes her bonnet and leaves the room, but in two or three minutes she is back again with the cheese in her hand.) Now I guess I must set my table. What shall I do for a tablecloth, Betty?

BETTY. I don't know. You can do without a cloth.

DOTTY. I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, Betty. Just think of my having a party without a tablecloth! They'd think we were poor as mice! (DOTTY leaves the room and returns in a minute with a sheet, which she attempts to arrange over an old table for a cloth. Then she gets her little tea-set and sets the table.) It's an awful job to have a party.

BETTY. Why, Dotty Dunning, where did you get that sheet?

DOTTY. I took it right off my bed. You needn't say one word, for it makes a very good tablecloth.

BETTY. Well, I never did see such a child in my life. (DOTTY goes out and brings in her biscuits and cake and arranges all her food on the table.)

DOTTY. Now, Betty, just look at my table. It would be most perfect, if I only had some icing for my cake. Can't I have a little sugar?

BETTY. Here, hold your hand, and you must not ask me for anything more. I don't know what your mother would say. (DOTTY takes the sugar and sprinkles it on with her fingers, and then places the cake on the table.)

DOTTY. Isn't that table just the beautifulest one you ever saw, Betty?

BETTY. Yes, it will do very well.

DOTTY. Now I guess I'll put on my good dress, for it's most time for my party to begin.

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE III.—*Eight little girls at play.*

DOTTY. Now you've seen all my presents, and we are tired of play, I guess we'd better have our supper. Young ladies, please walk into the refreshment room.

CLEM. Why, Dotty, we haven't any gentlemen to walk to the refreshment room with. Let's play part of us was gentlemen.

DOTTY. So we can. Let's see. Minnie, Lottie, and Carrie may be the gentlemen, because they are the biggest. I guess, Clem, you had better be a gentleman, too. You can offer me your arm. (CLEM offers DOTTY her arm, and the other gentlemen bow low, offer their arms to the ladies, and they walk very slowly across the platform, taking mincing steps.)

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE IV.—*The room where DOTTY has prepared her supper. The door at the back of the platform is thrown open and DOTTY and CLEM enter, followed by the other girls. A scene of confusion meets their eyes. The little dog is there. He has pulled the tablecloth on to the floor and eaten up all the food.*

DOTTY. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen. Why—where—what? (*There is a profound silence for a moment or two.*) That wretched little *dorg* of yours did it, Clem Manners!

CLEM. You invited him, anyway.

DOTTY. I supposed he knew enough to behave himself.

CLEM. 'Twasn't because he don't get enough to eat at home.

HATTIE. It's a retribution on you, Dotty Dunning; you said you got up the supper without your mother's consent.

DOTTY. I'll tell you what it is, girls; I've got one of the forgivenest mothers you ever saw. I'm just going to tell her all about it, and I know she'll give us a real good supper.

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE V.—*Eight happy-looking girls sitting around the table eating their supper.*

HATTIE. Well, Dotty, I do think you have got a forgiving mother. What a beautiful supper this is!

MINNIE. I don't mind very much if Flip *did* eat up your supper; I'd rather eat your mother's cooking than yours.

DOTTY. Seems to me you are not very polite for company.

LOTTIE. We've had ever so much better time than if we had eaten in your play-room.

CLEM. I hope you'll excuse Flip, Dotty; he didn't know any better.

DOTTY. Oh! that's all right. I think, maybe, it *was* retribution, as Hattie says. I've noticed that whenever you do things without your mother's permission there's generally retribution, or something else bad.

CURTAIN FALLS.

NO. IV.—TAKING STOCK.—A DIALOGUE.

SCENE I.—MR. BROWN seated at a table covered with books and papers.

His nephew, FRANK, enters.

FRANK. I wish you a happy New Year, uncle.

MR. BROWN. Thank you, my boy. I wish you the same.

The old year has really gone.

FRANK. Yes, uncle; no one who heard the bells ringing so finely could have any doubt about that. It seems to me a pleasant custom to ring the old year out and the new year in.

MR. B. Are you glad to get rid of the old year, Frank?

FRANK. Not particularly, uncle. Of course I like the new year, and hope it will be a very happy one.

MR. B. Has the old year been happy, Frank?

FRANK. Pretty happy, uncle. It might have been better, but still I have had some good fun in it. It has been, on the whole, a jolly sort of a year.

MR. B. Has it been a good sort of a year, Frank? Have you made visible and satisfactory improvement in it? Have you filled it with noble thoughts and kind deeds? Have you made the best use of its days? Has this year really been a good one in these respects?

FRANK. Yes, uncle, I think it has been a pretty good year.

MR. B. Perhaps you can hardly decide without a little more thought. You know at this time of the year all business men *take stock*. What does stock-taking mean?

FRANK. It means that the men in business take account of all that they have, of money in the bank and articles in their warehouses, and see how much it all amounts to. Then against that they put all their debts, and so they are able to strike a balance.

MR. B. What is the use of stock-taking, Frank? Do you think it is a waste of time?

FRANK. No, sir; it must be a very useful way of spending

time. The merchant may find that he is getting behind,—that his expenses are greater than his income.

MR. B. What would be the use of his knowing that ?

FRANK. Of course he would be more careful. He would spend less and try to gain more; but, if he thought all the time that he was getting on well, he might be more extravagant, and then, perhaps, he would never be able to pay all his debts.

MR. B. You are right, Frank. You see stock-taking enables a man to know with certainty, whether the new year has been a prosperous one or not. Now, Frank, I want you to take stock.

FRANK. Me, uncle ? I have no debts, and very little money, so my stock-taking is soon done.

MR. B. This is what I mean, Frank—while I am gone, I wish you to take a slate, and put in one column all the good things you have done this year; then, in another column, put down all the wrong things you have done. Add them up and subtract the smaller number from the greater, and show me the balance. Then, my boy, take another slate, and put down the blessings you have had. God has been very kind to you every day. He has given you health, and food, and friends, and many other daily mercies. But I want you to think of special kindnesses which He has shown to you.

FRANK. Yes, I know, uncle. That was one when I was in a train that met with an accident, and I was not hurt. That was another when I thought I should fail at my examination, and I asked God to help me, and then succeeded so well, that I was nearly at the top of the class.

MR. B. Well, put all such blessings down in a column. (MR. BROWN leaves the room and FRANK takes up a slate.)

SCENE II.—FRANK sits at the table, leaning his head upon his hand, and looking thoroughly discouraged. On one slate there are two columns, one much smaller than the other. The other slate is filled with columns of blessings.

Enter MR. BROWN.

MR. B. Well, Frank, have you finished ?

FRANK. Yes, uncle; I cannot think of any more.

MR. B. Are you sure?

FRANK. Yes, sir. I have tried to remember as far back as possible, beginning with January and going on to December.

MR. B. And how do you stand?

FRANK. Oh! the balance is on the wrong side, uncle.
(FRANK holds up his slate which his uncle takes.)

MR. B. The balance on the wrong side, Frank? Do you mean to say that you have done more evil than good this year?

FRANK. Yes, uncle.

MR. B. But perhaps there is not much difference?

FRANK. Yes, there is, uncle. The sum of one column is double that of the other.

MR. B. But perhaps you have forgotten some of the favorable items.

FRANK. Very likely, uncle; but it is also quite probable that I have forgotten some of the unfavorable ones, too.

MR. B. Well, what conclusion do you arrive at, Frank?

FRANK. That the next year must be a great deal better than the last, or I shall have little hope of myself.

MR. B. Well, how about the blessings?

FRANK. Oh! uncle, the blessings are more than all the others put together!

MR. B. Then you see how good God has been to you, and yet you have done so many wrong things, and so few right ones. You must have displeased Him many times, Frank.

FRANK. Yes, and oh! uncle, I am so sorry, but I will try to make this new year much better than the last. I will commence at the very beginning, and try to keep right on, and then surely the balance will not be so great on the wrong side when next December comes.

MR. B. I hope not, Frank, but remember that you must ask God to help you, or you are certain to fail.

Why those murmurs and repinings?

Who can alter what is done?

See the future brightly shining,

There are goals yet to be won.

Grieving is at best a folly,
 Oftentimes it is a sin :
 Oh ! recall thy numerous mercies,
 And a song of praise begin.

CURTAIN FALLS.

NO. V.—A NEW YEAR'S DRAMA.*

SCENE.—*In the centre of the platform there should be a throne, behind which there should be a screen of evergreen, from behind which the characters should enter; or, if there are doors in the rear of the platform, they can be used for the entrance of the characters. The OLD YEAR, dressed in white, with long white hair and beard, should be asleep upon the throne. Two FAIRIES enter. They should be very small girls. They can be dressed prettily in white, and, if desirable, they could have wings, butterfly shaped, made of green tarleton, drawn over a white wire frame. Two SPEAKERS should be placed on the front of the platform, at either extremity.*

FIRST SPEAKER. The Old Year, hoary with the snows of age, exhausted with the labors of his life, tottering with his weight of days, stands trembling upon the brink of the grave. The closing hours of his life are waning. The last sunset has thrown its golden beams over the white robe of the departing monarch. The stars have come out on the tinted field of night to keep their vigils with him, and we, too, are "watching the Old Year out and New Year in."†

* If teachers desire this drama in the short form in which it was originally written, I would advise them to purchase No. 5, of "De Witt's Dime School Dialogues." Almost any teacher will find this book an excellent one for exhibitions. The publisher has kindly allowed me to make several selections from this book, which I here take pleasure in recommending. I do this without the least solicitation. This drama was written by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

† The above, and a few other lines in this drama, have been taken, by permission, from "The Elocutionist's Annual," No. 2. It has been changed somewhat from the original.

Two FAIRIES enter.

FIRST FAIRY.

Who have we here ? 'Tis strange, yet true ! I hardly can believe

The Old Year is fast asleep upon glad New Year's Eve.

SECOND FAIRY.

I'll rouse the sleepy fellow, if I can reach his ear.

Wake up ! wake up ! 'Tis New Year's Eve, and he will soon be here !

The OLD YEAR awakes and makes ready to descend from the throne.

OLD YEAR.

Ah ! yes, I must be going ; my last swift moments fly.

The old pass out, the new come in, the changes hurry by.

My work is done ; with willing steps I peaceful pass away,

In hope that I have blessed and served Earth's children in my stay ;

In hope that I have nearer brought the time when strife shall cease,

And angels in the air again shall sing the song of peace.

I wish that I could hear the song before I pass away,

The echo of the carol sweet I heard on Christmas day.

Voices in the rear of the stage should sing very plainly the following verse. The music will be found on page 10.

Christ is born, the Great Anointed ;

Heaven and earth his praises sing !

O, receive whom God appointed,

For your prophet, priest, and king.

OLD YEAR.

And now I go ; as on the ear those last faint echoes swell,

I hear the New Year's coming chimes, the Old Year's passing bell.

(*To FIRST FAIRY*) Give New Year this, my golden crown ;

(*To SECOND FAIRY.*) my royal sceptre bright,

And and lead him to the throne I leave. Good-bye, good will, good night !

OLD YEAR *passes slowly off the stage. As he crosses the stage the SPEAKER nearest him, watching him closely, repeats the following lines :*

His trembling form is bowed and bent,
His ebbing strength is almost spent;
He walks with feeble steps and slow,
And his hair is as white as the wintry snow

Only twelve fleeting months before,
Rosy and hale, he stood at our door;
Firm was his step and bright his eye,
As with song and jest he hurried by.

Twelve circling months of light and shade,
Their mingled woe o'er our pathway laid—
An added year of joy and pain,
Never to dawn or fade again.

If there is a room at the rear of the stage, OLD YEAR should enter it, and, apparently, lie down upon a couch, while the same SPEAKER should approach the door and watch his dying breath. Meanwhils, still facing the audience, he should recite the following lines :

Failing fast is the Old Year's breath,
Calmly he lies on his couch of death;
But late in the flush of his strength and pride,
Now helpless and wan—O, woe betide !

Hark ! to the night-winds sighing low;
List ! to the church-bells clanging slow:
The light fades out of his sunken eye,
To our tender words comes no reply.

He has gone to join the buried hours;
We will strew his bier with the fading flowers
We have gleaned from Memory's sunlit track,
But we cannot call the Old Year back !

Several voices in the room where the OLD YEAR lies, should now softly sing the following:

Music from the "Musical Class Book," published in 1846.

Fare-well! Fare-well! thou dy - ing year,
 Thy morn was mild, thine eve - ning clear,
 Go, seek e - ter - nal slum - - ber.

FIRST SPEAKER. In silence and sadness we bury the Old Year in the sepulchre of the ages. There will he sleep in dreamless slumber—but the lessons the Old Year taught will remain. (*The following lines should then be repeated, at some distance. As they are recited, a merry peal of bells should take the place of the tolling bell. The sound of the bells could be omitted if necessary.*)

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring happy bells across the snow.

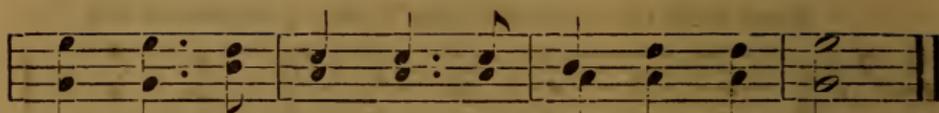
SECOND SPEAKER (*looking back towards the rear door*).

Brave and strong,
 Bright as Phoenix, has the young New Year,
 Out of the ashes of the old, leaped forth
 To rule the world in triumph.

All should then join in singing the welcome to the NEW YEAR.

Music from "The Oriola."

Come and welcome, come and welcome, come and
 wel-come, wel-come, wel-come, wel-come, Come and



wel - come the New Year, the hap - py New Year!

During the singing, NEW YEAR enters gayly. The FAIRIES go to meet him, bearing the crown and the sceptre.

NEW YEAR.

What bright new scene is this, and who is here ?

FIRST FAIRY (*leading NEW YEAR to the throne*).

This is thine earthly throne, O glad New Year.

NEW YEAR.

And who is he, just now so sadly gone ?

FIRST FAIRY (*crowning the NEW YEAR*).

The gay Old Year; he left to thee this crown.

NEW YEAR.

What hast thou in thy hand, sweet fairy, tell ?

SECOND FAIRY (*presenting the sceptre*).

This is thy sceptre; wisely rule and well.

NEW YEAR.

A throne, a crown, a sceptre; and are ye

All of the subjects that belong to me ?

FAIRIES (*in concert*).

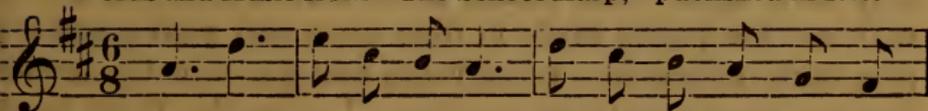
Ah ! no ! here haste a glad and merry throng,

Four happy seasons come with laugh and song.

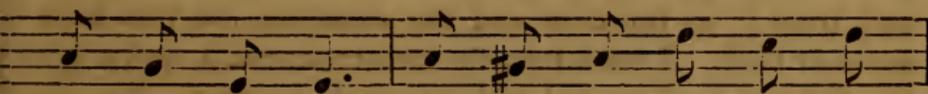
Some one just outside of the door through which the seasons are to enter, should then sing the following song. When the singing is nearly finished, SPRING should enter. In the dress of the seasons and the months there is a considerable chance for the display of taste, but I know it is usually convenient for children to dress quite plainly. Upon the subject of dress I shall only make suggestions. It looks very well if the Fall and Winter months are represented by boys, but the dress will look better if they are girls. I think they look well if all dressed in white. The dresses for SPRING, SUMMER and their months might all be trimmed with flowers. Wreaths for their heads

look well. JULY, however, might be dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, or in red, white and blue. She might carry a flag. For AUTUMN and her months, it is very pretty to have the dresses trimmed with, and the wreaths made of autumn leaves. DECEMBER, and perhaps the other Winter months, might have their dresses trimmed with holly, evergreen, etc., with wreaths for their heads. The months, and, if thought desirable, the seasons, should bring some gift for the NEW YEAR in their hands. These gifts are often suggested in the poetry. The shields that are to be worn on the front of the dresses can be cut in almost any pretty form, of very nice pasteboard. They should be quite large, so that the names of the seasons and the months can be painted on them very plainly. For SPRING and her months, light green, like the color of new leaves, is very pretty. The names should be painted in green, the shields should be bound with green, and they should be confined around the neck with green ribbon. For AUTUMN and her months a reddish-brown seems very appropriate. Pink or red might possibly be used for SUMMER and her months, and perhaps gray for WINTER and her months. Some colors should be avoided. Light blue is very pretty, but in the evening, it can hardly be told from light green. Dark blue, dark green and some shades of brown, look like black in the evening.

Words and Music from "The School Harp," published in 1855.

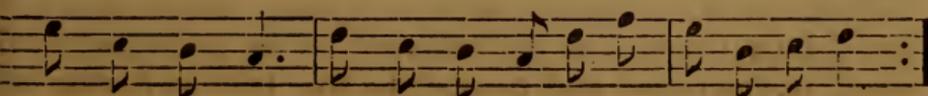


Spring! spring! beautiful spring! Hitherward com-eth like

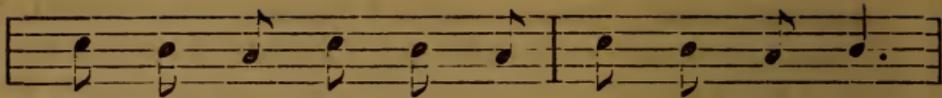


hope on the wing, Pleas - ant - ly look - eth on

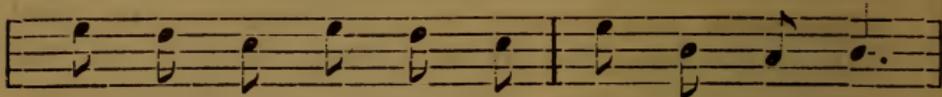
Fine.



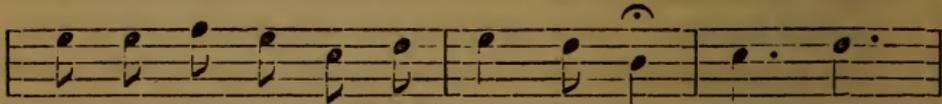
streamlet and flood, Raiseth a cho-rus of joy in the wood;



Toucheth the bud and it bursts in - to bloom,

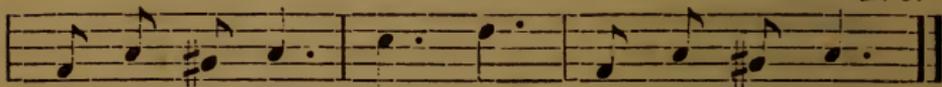


Bid - deth the beau - ti - ful rise from the tomb;



Blesseth the heart like a heavenly thing. Spring! spring!

D. C.



beau-ti - ful spring! spring! spring! beau-ti - ful spring!

Enter SPRING.

FIRST FAIRY (*presenting* SPRING).

This, royal New Year, is the merry Spring.

SPRING (*bowing low.*) I am Spring. They call me beautiful Spring. My step is light and my voice is glad. I love all that is young; I cheer all that is old. I call sweet flowers to light among the gray old rocks, and make the green leaves to tremble in their loveliness, among ancient ruins. I bring not only soft, light, fresh winds, green leaves, and fair flowers with me, but young birds in their nests, and young lambs to play in the meadows. Little fishes dart about in the brooks, too, and frogs sing in the marshes. I come like Hope to the people. They hear my voice, and lay the seed in the ground, and trust it to the dew and the sunshine, the rain and the smile of God. I am a miracle worker on earth, and a type of the fadeless land toward which mortals journey. The Father above, who guides the young birds back to their last year's haunts, careth too for me, and it is Spring. Lights and shadows fell on the way of the redbreast as he journeyed northward, but he hoped and trusted; he was true as Spring, and Spring is as true as God. I am crowned with flowers; I am

laden with them; I am joyous and fair; I am a being of light, and melody, and fragrance. I am the beautifier of nature, the beloved of man, a visible promise of Paradise. In heaven only may I tarry. Here I come but to depart. Soon I must away, to make room for my lovely sister, the Summer; but forget me not. I am Spring, beautiful Spring.

MARCH, APRIL and MAY enter, and the SECOND FAIRY advances to meet them.

SECOND FAIRY (*conducting MARCH, APRIL and MAY*).

Make way ! make way !

Here come March, April, May.

They take their places by the side of SPRING.

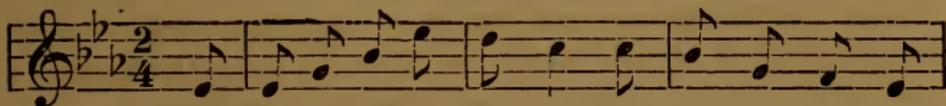
SPRING.

These are the children of the Spring;

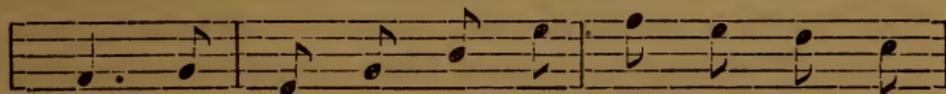
Glad service unto you they bring.

The person who sang when SPRING entered, should now sing while SUMMER enters.

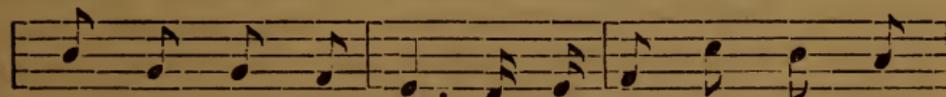
From the "Boston Melodeon."



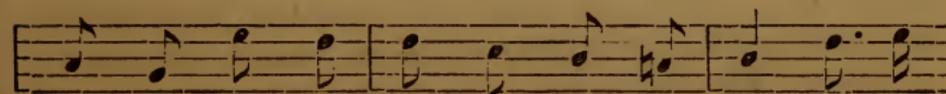
The Summer days are coming, The blossoms deck each



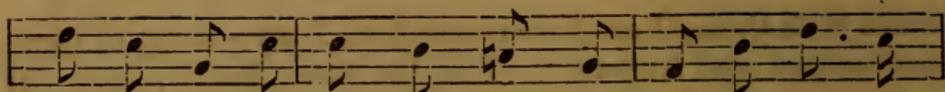
bough, The bees are gai - ly humming, And the



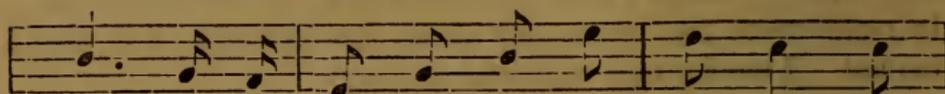
birds are sing-ing now. We have had our May - day



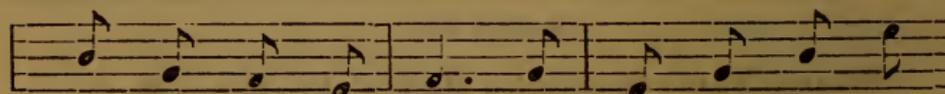
garlands, We have crown'd our May-day Queen, With a



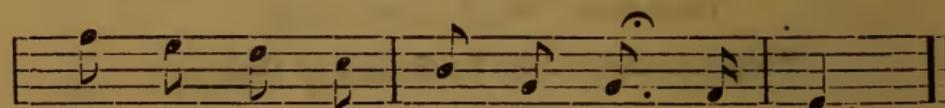
cor - o - nal of ro - ses, Set in leaves of brightest



green, but her reign is near - ly o - ver, The



Spring is on the wane, O haste the gen - tle



Sum-mer, To our pleas-ant land a - gain.

FIRST FAIRY (*presenting* SUMMER). This is sweet Summer-time, so fair, so bright.

SUMMER (*bowing low*). I am Summer, gay and bright and gleesome. "Laughing Summer" I am called. I have the brightest sunshine, the thickest canopy of leaves, the stillest, warmest air about me, and the bluest sky above me. I come to the lands of the North like a dream of tropical beauty. I call the dwellers of the city out into the forest haunts. I fill their souls with my glory. Young maidens are ever garlanded with flowers in my reign; and I hear the children's laughter ringing out on the air that is so sweet, wandering over orchards bright with clover blossoms, and meadows sweet with new-mown hay. "Happy Summer" I am called. I fill the children's hands with strawberries. I load the trees with cherries for shouting boys to shake down into the aprons of bright-eyed little girls. In my smile the apples grow rosy and mellow, and the farmer's face is glad as he gathers the golden pears. It is when my steps are abroad in the land that the poet weaves his brightest visions, and the patriot's devotion is truest. Yes, my name is Summer, the radiant and the happy.

Enter JUNE, JULY and AUGUST.

SECOND FAIRY (*conducting* JUNE, JULY and AUGUST).

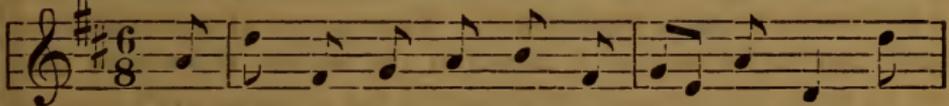
Make room ! room ! in glorious prime
Come the daughters of fair Summertime.

SUMMER (*bowing low*).

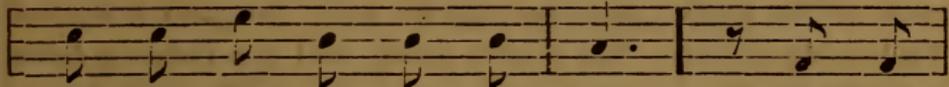
My daughters three at thy feet shall bow,
And offer thee royal service now.

The person who sang when SPRING and SUMMER entered, should now sing the following as AUTUMN enters. If it should be thought best to have boys, instead of girls, to represent the Autumn and Winter seasons and months, it will be necessary to frequently change the pronouns in the following pages.

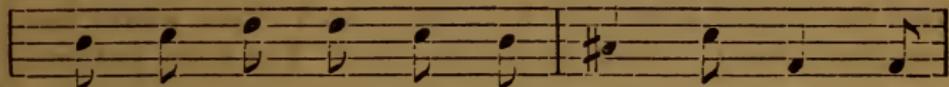
Words and Music from "The Musical Class Book," pub. in 1846.



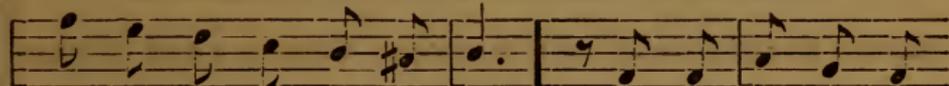
Hur-rah for brown Autumn, hur - rah! hur-rah! She



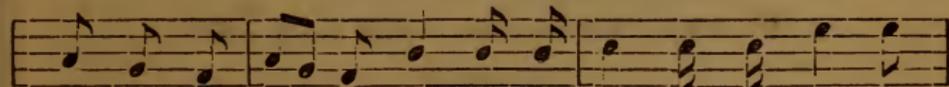
hastened o'er val - ley and plain. And the



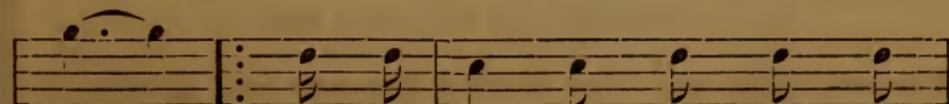
with - er - ing wind is her shout of war, And



ma - ny a - las! are the slain. She has wreath'd her a

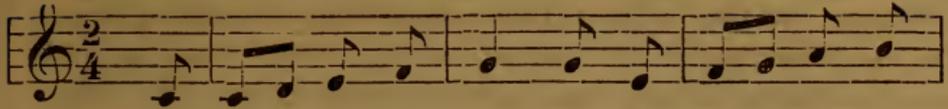


robe from the crimson leaves, and a crown from the i - vy

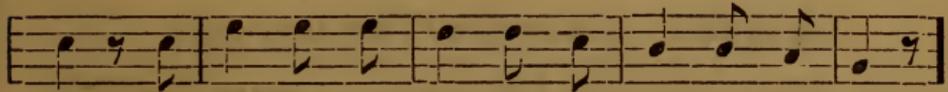


green. In her hand she hold - eth the

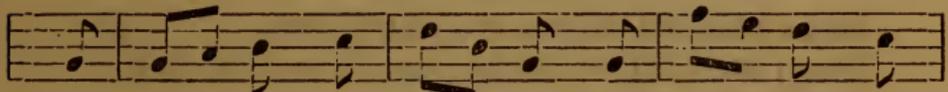
Words and Music from "The Musical Class Book," pub. In 1846.



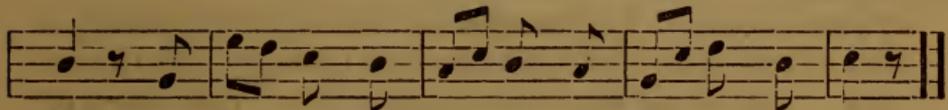
Old Win - ter! he com - eth, And veil - eth the



ground, And des - o - late frowneth on na - ture around,



But decks the bright fire - side With song and with



play. Old Win - ter, I love thee! Pray lengthen thy stay.

Enter WINTER.

FIRST FAIRY (*presenting WINTER*).

This is brave Winter, clad in snowy white.

WINTER (*bowing low*) I am Winter. I bring the snow, and the boys shout hurrah! the girls clap their hands, rosy with the cold and say 'Ha! ha!' I trace pictures of wondrous beauty on the window panes, and bridge rivers, and hang pearls on the pine trees. I will set my winds to shouting, and quicken everybody's steps. My snow flakes will whirl, the snow birds will flutter by, and my clouds will hurry along. It is I that have the Christmas trees to decorate my halls, and the New Year's fire to blaze on my hearth; and then the little cricket chirrup there, while the turkey roasts, and the apples and nuts are heaped in the basket. Come, boys get your skates now, and hurry for the sport! The girls may come along too, and listen to the sleigh bells! what fun! hurrah! To be upset in the snow-drifts, ah, that is merry! Yes, I am Winter, and most welcome to all, no thanks to fair young Spring, bright Summer and mild Autumn to be cheerful, but for winter to come with such

grace and pleasantry, that all are glad to see him—that is fine! O Winter, Winter, happy is the country that rejoices in thee! The merriest games are played in my long evenings, the sweetest songs are sung then, and the best stories told. Yes, I am Winter, the last but not least loved of all the seasons.

DECEMBER, JANUARY *and* FEBRUARY *enter*.

SECOND FAIRY (*conducting* DECEMBER, JANUARY *and* FEBRUARY).

Make room for these to enter in the train.

These last bright links that make the perfect chain.

The seasons and the months form a semi-circle in front of the NEW YEAR'S throne. The four seasons now step more directly in front of the throne, bow, and recite the following lines in concert. At the close, they each present to NEW YEAR some gift appropriate to the season. They then return to their places.

-SEASONS.

Oh! beautiful New Year,
 Thy royal servants, we,
 Each in her own glad sphere,
 Shall minister to thee.
 As we our gifts bestow,
 Our varied treasures rare,
 Thy stores shall overflow,
 Oh! New Year, bright and fair.
 And each of us has daughters three,
 Who joyfully shall wait on thee.

The seasons now return to their places and both seasons and months take a few steps to the left, while FEBRUARY, JANUARY and WINTER, passing behind the throne, take their places before SPRING and her months, but DECEMBER should remain where she is, on the other side of the throne, a little apart from AUTUMN and her months. The months should then each speak in turn, and at the close of every speech some appropriate gift should be presented, with a low bow, to NEW YEAR.

JANUARY.

'Tis I the honor have, oh ! bright New Year,
 To open wide the door when thou art here;
 The fair young months that round thee gayly speed,
 Mine is the glory and the joy to lead.

FEBRUARY.

And I, my gladdest service is to say,
 With me the reign of storms shall pass away;
 The richest gift I offer is to bring
 Close in my train the ever welcome Spring.

MARCH.

I am a wild young maiden,
 And Winter's ways I follow;
 With chill, rough winds, snow-laden,
 I sweep o'er hill and hollow.

APRIL.

And when, with a rousing rally,
 Her voice has wakened the flowers,
 I, over the hill and valley,
 Will woo them with gentle showers.

MAY.

And I, oh ! I'll tenderly bring them—
 The buds and the blossoms dear,
 And over the wide world fling them,
 To gladden the bright New Year.

JUNE.

Roses red and hawthorn white,
 Blue of heaven and gold of sea;
 Songs of birds, green fields so bright—
 Perfect days—June offers thee.

JULY.

I the glorious days will bring,
 When the freedom bells shall ring;
 Brighter green shall deck the hills
 Deeper blue the sky and rills.

AUGUST.

I will spread o'er field and plain
 Billowy fields of golden grain;
 Maidens fair my song shall sing,
 As the harvest home they bring.

SEPTEMBER.

I'll bring for thee my clusters of the vine,
 And golden corn and glowing fruits of mine.

OCTOBER.

I'll bring thee brown nuts from the wind-toss'd bough,
 And bright-hued forest leaves to deck thy brow.

NOVEMBER.

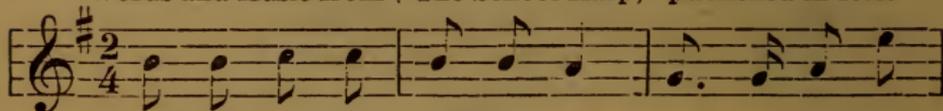
My cheery days shall crown thy closing prime
 With the glad season of Thanksgiving time.

DECEMBER.

Stern, cold, and hard I seem, no flowers I bring,
 Nor birds, their sweet, soft summer songs to sing;
 But one glad day my garlands green adorn—
 The Christmas day and the glad Christmas morn.

The following song might then be sung, each month singing the part which refers to herself.

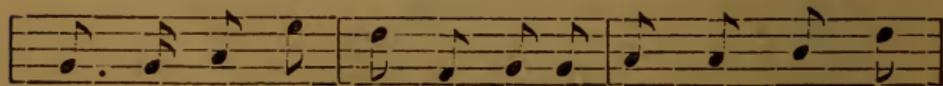
Words and Music from "The School Harp," published in 1855.



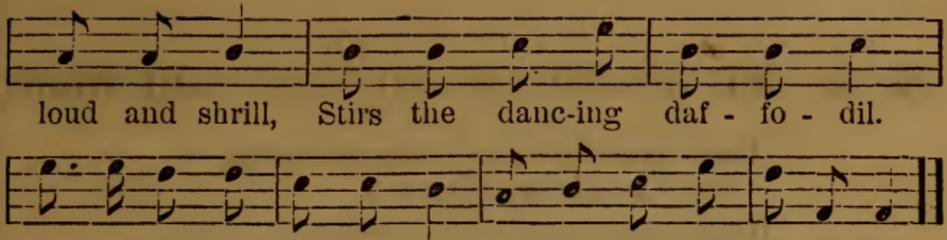
Jan - u - a - ry brings the snow, Makes our feet and



fin - gers glow. Feb - ru - a - ry brings the rain.



Thaws the fro - zen lake a - gain. March brings breez-es



A - pril brings the primrose sweet, Scatters daisies at our feet.

2. May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
 Skipping by their fleecy dams;
 June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
 Fills the children's hands with posies;
 Hot July brings cooling showers,
 Apricots and gilliflowers;
 August brings the sheaves of corn,
 Then the harvest home is borne.

3. Warm September brings the fruit,
 Sportsmen then begin to shoot;
 Fresh October brings the pheasant,
 Then to gather nuts 'tis pleasant;
 Dull November brings the blast,
 Then the leaves are whirling fast;
 Chill December brings the sleet,
 Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

ALL.

And here around New Year's throne we happy subjects meet;

NEW YEAR.

With thanks for loyal service, now my subjects dear I greet.

ALL.

As in our New Year's fresh young life, with joy and song be-
 gun,

NEW YEAR.

So will we seek to bless the earth, until our course is run.

ALL.

And as we onward, onward haste and circle round the sphere,

NEW YEAR.

May light, and love, and joy, and peace descend and bless us
 here.

CURTAIN FALLS.

NO. VI.—THE QUESTION OF THE YEAR'S LAST NIGHT.

Once again our sad Earth, swinging
 Tireless on her axis true,
 Hath pursued her olden journey
 Through the pathless wastes of blue;
 In among the great worlds, wheeling
 Round the mighty central light,
 Through the starry wildernesses,
 Who hath guided her aright ?

'Tis the same Earth her Creator
 Blessed amid her Eden bowers,
 When His smiles brought heaven about her,
 When her love yearned forth in flowers;
 Ere her face, august in beauty,
 Human sin and strife had marred,
 Ere her sweet life death had tainted,
 Ere her breast with graves was scarred.

He who set the lordly planets
 Blazing through the dusky even,
 Who that orb of fire unwasting
 Balanced in the kindling heaven,
 Fount of day forever welling
 Tides of life and waves of light,
 For the thirsty worlds outflowing,
 Breaking on far shores of night;
 He hath left her not unheeded,
 Darkened with the primal curse,
 Lone and helpless, blindly floating
 In His awful universe;
 For His smile paternal breaketh
 Ever through the darkness cold—
 Still his care is round about her,
 And He loves her as of old.

He in all her motions worketh,
 Ruleth all her sin and strife,
 From the fearful chaos slowly
 Rounds the perfect, full-orbed life;
 In the shock of mortal battle,
 Cruel murder, made sublime,
 Pride and hate, and lust of conquest,
 Tyranny's Titanic crime;
 In the triumph of oppression,
 And in Freedom's vain defence;
 In the woeful waste of famine,
 And the scourge of pestilence;
 In all woes and wrongs around us,
 In all strife of man with man;
 In all discords that confound us
 Runs His great harmonious plan;
 Overruling evil chances,
 For His purposes divine—
 Mortal guilt and mortal sorrow
 Bending to His ends benign.

Patient in His calm eternal,
 Sees He sad Humanity,
 Bound and wounded, through the darkness,
 Sending up her ceaseless cry !
 For his eyes outwatch the ages,
 To behold the good in store,
 Striking through her little night-time
 To the morn that lies before.

Not His ways and will to question .
 Look we on this night of nights,
 Still and vast, with solemn splendors
 Flashing from the starry heights;
 Gone, forever and forever,
 Old year seasons, snows and showers,
 Grief and gladness, loss and triumph;
 But the fresh New Year is ours !

Pure and bright it lies before us,
 Like the snowy moor, untrod—
 Trampled, soiled with evil passions,
 Shall we give it back to God ?

NO. VII.—THE NEW YEAR'S BENEDICTION.

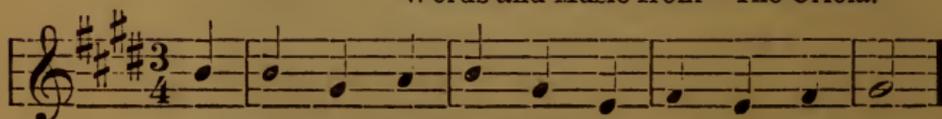
"The warp of life moves fast, and every thread
 That makes the woof up, has its specks of red;
 But when the spool is finished, I shall see
 The web reeled off, God's work complete in me."

Beginning the new stage of our life-work with the year 18—, how sweet the Master's words, "Lo I am with you always, even to the end." Yes, "all days." When joy is our guest and prosperity gladdens our heart; when sorrow comes with sable robes and we sit by lonely fireside, holding an emptied cup; in all days of gladness and of gloom, He is with us. The weaver sits behind the pattern, and works amid a tangle of thread and a smooch of color, as viewed by unpracticed eyes—so He who is making all things work together for our good, perplexes us by His dealings only to make more glorious the completed design.

Trust fully, then, we repeat, the New Year's Benediction, and go forward, "not knowing" but assured that He is with us who knows all things and who never will leave nor forsake us.

CONCLUSION.—A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

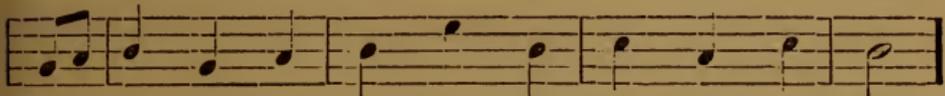
Words and Music from "The Oriola."



Come, friends, now and join in our fes - ti - val song,



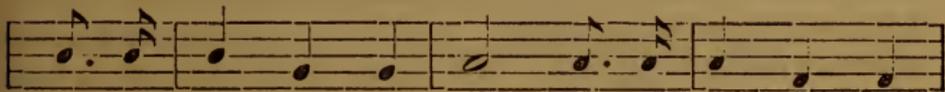
The new year has come and the old year has gone;



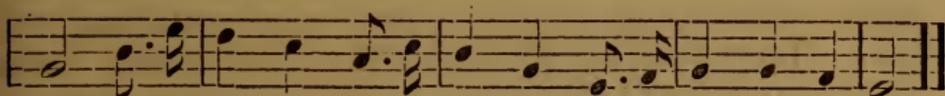
We'll join our glad voi - ces in one hymn of praise,



To God who has kept us and lengthened our days.



Happy New Year to all, Hap-py New Year to



all! Happy New Year, Happy New Year, Happy New Year to all!

Our Father in Heaven, we lift up to thee
 Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
 Oh ! bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
 That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.
 Happy New Year to all, Happy New Year to all !
 Happy New Year, Happy New Year, Happy New Year to all.

AN EXHIBITION OF TABLEAUX.

Experience has proved, at least to the entire satisfaction of the writer, that every tableau should be shown for a very much longer time than is usual. No person who really loves a good picture, is satisfied with such a glance as can be obtained in one or two minutes. It seems almost a self-evident truth that an audience is not fully satisfied with a good tableau, if shown for so short a time. A good description adds a new charm to many a picture. Try it and see if it is not so with tableaux.

The objection may be raised that children, and even older people, cannot remain perfectly quiet for any great length of time. The writer has often proved this to be a mistake. Some children, and even a few older people, of nervous temperament, cannot be used for forming tableaux, but the writer has found that even very young children can often keep as motionless as is necessary, for quite a long time, apparently without the slightest inconvenience.

NO. I.—WHITTIER'S BAREFOOT BOY.

Those who have the painting, or Prang's chromo, of "Whittier's Barefoot Boy," will do well to follow it as nearly as possible. It is a very easy picture to represent, even if one has no such guide. A small boy with dark complexion and laughing face should be selected for this picture. Of course he must be dressed like a country boy, with bare feet, his trousers rolled over slightly, and on his head a straw hat with the brim considerably torn. This picture should be announced as "Whittier's Barefoot Boy," and when the curtain rises, the

person who is to show the tableaux should describe this one by reciting the following verses. The tableau should be shown, if possible, all the time the poetry is being recited. It looks well to have the boy stand behind a large picture frame, but this is not necessary.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes—
With thy red lips redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—
With the sunshine of thy face,
Through the torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

Cheer'ly, then, my little man ;
Live and laugh as boyhood can,
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubbles spread the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool winds kiss the heat,
And too soon those feet shall hide
In the prison cells of pride ;
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt for work be shod,
Made to tread the mill of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil—
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou could'st know thy joy
Ere it pass, my barefoot boy !

NO. II.—CURIOSITY.

A portion of the stage must be fitted up to represent a country post-office. In a conspicuous place should be posted a placard on which might be printed "Medford Post-office," or anything of the kind. An empty mail-bag lies on the floor and a pile of letters and papers are on a table. The postmaster is deliberately reading a postal card, his wife is holding up a letter to the light in such a way as to enable her to read the writing inside, and a half-grown boy is endeavoring to see the paper which he holds in his hand, enclosed in an envelope. Two laughing faces are peering through a half-open door, as if delighted at their discovery. On the other part of the platform a little girl might stand, who holds something very carefully concealed in her apron, while a much younger child is pulling at the older one's dress, as if endeavoring to see the treasure. A young boy might be seated near, holding up some kind of a toy as if endeavoring to ascertain what makes the noise. After this tableau has been announced, and the curtain rises, the person who is to describe it should recite the following lines. As this tableau is rather difficult, it might be shown twice, during the first and last part of the recitation.

It came from heaven—its power archangels knew,
 When this fair globe first rounded to their view.
 It reigned in Eden—when that man first woke,
 Its kindling influence from his eyeballs spoke.
 It reigned in Eden—in that heavy hour
 When the arch-tempter sought our mother's bower.
 It came from heaven—it reigned in Eden's shades—
 It roves on earth, and every walk invades:
 Childhood and age alike its influence own;
 It haunts the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne;
 Hangs o'er the cradle, leans above the bier,
 Gazed on old Babel's tower, and lingers here.
 To all that's lofty, all that's low, it turns;
 With terror curdles, and with rapture burns;

Now feels a seraph's throb, now less than man's;
 A reptile tortures and a planet scans;
 Now idly joins in life's poor, passing jars,
 Now shakes creation off, and soars beyond the stars.
 'Tis Curiosity—who hath not felt
 Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?—C. SPRAGUE.

NO. III.—WOMEN'S WORK IN OLDEN TIMES.

This tableau is particularly recommended, as the writer has observed that wherever used it has always given great satisfaction. It is difficult, however, to obtain the necessary machines, and also persons who know how to use them. Yet they can be found more easily than one would suppose, especially in the country towns and villages. There are many old people still living who can use them very well, and who will gladly give others the necessary information. It is not an absolute necessity for those taking part in this tableau to become skillful performers on these machines, although, of course, it is desirable.

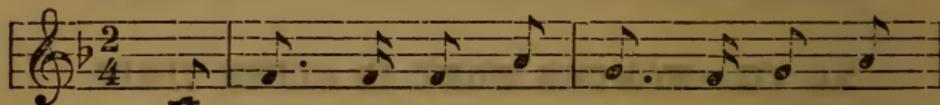
On the stage should be arranged a linen wheel, woolen wheel, quill wheel and swift, reel, skarn, cards, hatchel, or as many such old-fashioned machines as can be collected; then there should be women, dressed in the costumes of one hundred years ago, who should be industriously working these machines. These costumes can be very easily obtained. A dress with a very plain skirt, a handkerchief around the shoulders, crossing in front, a white cap with a wide border, will be all that will be absolutely necessary. A high checked apron is desirable for a part of the women, a few of whom should wear glasses.

It will be better not to describe this tableau in the usual manner, but after it has been announced and the curtain is raised, one or two persons at the right or left of the tableau should sing the following song. No one should be selected

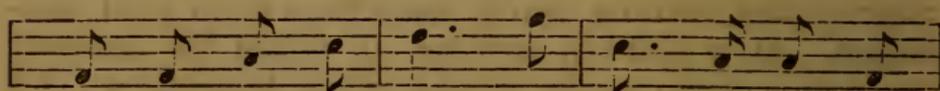
for this tableau who cannot sit motionless through all the singing.

This is far more pleasing if used as a "moving tableau," although it will seem much less like a picture. If used thus, when the curtain rises all the women begin their work, and one or all sing the song. The sound of so many machines together with the song gives a fine effect.

Music from the "Juvenile Singing School," published in 1844.



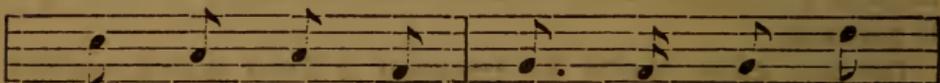
Our oth - er friends have told you how our



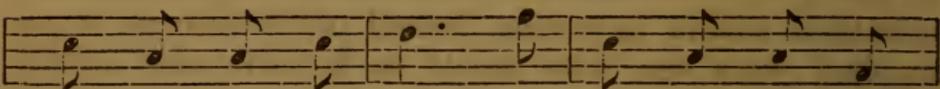
father's work'd and fought, And we have come to



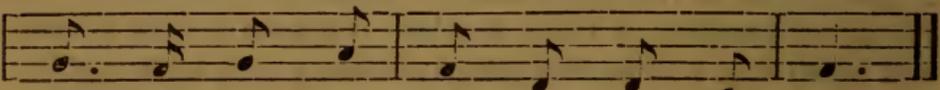
show you now, The work our moth - ers wrought, One



hun - dred years a - go, my friends, One



hun - dred years a - go; We'll show the work our



moth - ers wrought, One hun - dred years a - go.

2. They pulled the flax, and when decayed
They hatched it just so ;
They washed the wool, the rolls they made,
As we are making now.

One hundred years ago, my friends,
 One hundred years ago,
 They carded wool and hatched flax,
 One hundred years ago.

3. From morn till night they spun the wool
 Upon just such a wheel ;
 And when the spindle it was full,
 They wound it on a reel.
 One hundred years ago, my friends,
 One hundred years ago,
 They spun and wove and made their cloth,
 One hundred years ago.

NO. IV.—THE RED MAN.

This makes quite a pretty picture. Remove the furniture from the stage so far as possible, and cover the carpet with something to represent the ground. Have several cedars, or other trees, fixed into standards. They should be as tall as the room will allow. Place them near the centre of the stage, and between them erect a wigwam. This can easily be done by the use of one or two buffalo robes. Near the wigwam, but not in front of it, should stand an Indian.

Spanish brown, mixed with olive oil, or with water, may be used to stain the face and hands of a proper hue to represent an Indian ; but a better thing for the purpose is the prepared paint called "Mongolian," used by theatrical performers in "making up" for the stage, which may be had for a trifle. After the application of the "Mongolian" various devices should be painted on the face with rouge and black (burnt cork). These paints* will wash off easily, using tepid water and a sponge, while the Spanish brown and oil mixture re-

* May be had of the publisher of this book.

quires an application of cold cream followed by soap and hot water.

If possible, the Indian should wear a wig of long straight hair, surmounted with large, bright-colored feathers. He might wear a frock coat of several bright colors, which should be trimmed around the bottom with coarse worsted fringe of a brilliant hue, and down the front and seams of the sleeves in the same manner. His trousers should be made of some bright-colored Canton flannel, or anything of the kind, and trimmed down the seam with the same fringe. The moccasins might be of the same color, heavily trimmed with bead-work. He should also wear a wide belt trimmed with beads. In his belt he should have a knife and hatchet, and in his hand a bow and arrow. Such a dress as this is not absolutely necessary. A buffalo robe wrapped about a person will sometimes answer every purpose. Let the lights be very dim for this tableau. When the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, the person who is to describe it may recite either of the following pieces of poetry :

The home of our fathers shall know us no more,
 We are passing away from the hill and the shore ;
 We leave the green meadows, the rock and the stream,
 For the days of our glory have passed like a dream.

A nation of strangers is taking our place,
 But none will lament for the red man's lost race ;
 Like the light of the sun at the close of the day,
 Like the dew and the mist, we are passing away.

A tree of the forest, no more I shall brave
 The tempests of winter that over me rave ;
 My branches all withered, my foliage all strown,
 I soon shall be prostrate, decaying and lone.

E. G. BARBER.

Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;

His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill a humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.—POPE.

NO. V.—LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Such a tableau as this is prettier if represented within a frame. A large pine frame, covered with gilt paper, can easily be made, and attached securely near the centre of the stage. It should be raised two or three feet from the floor, and to the bottom of it there should be attached a piece of paper or cloth of the same color as the wall in front of which it stands. This cloth will conceal a footstool standing behind the frame, on which, in this case, the boy should be placed.

To form this picture, a little boy about three years of age, having a light complexion, light curly hair and blue eyes, should be selected. The clothes may be made of light blue paper cambric. He should stand on the footstool, with his cap in one hand and his other hand in the sugar-cup, which is placed on a small table at his side. After the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, the person appointed to announce it should recite the following verses :

Little blue trousers and jacket and cap—
 A neat little suit for a cute little chap—
 A spry little foot in a blue little shoe,
 And a pair of blue eyes has my little Boy Blue.

All through the cottage his merriment rings,
 Gladsome and gay are the songs that he sings.
 One sunny Summer-time added to two,
 This is the age of my little Boy Blue.

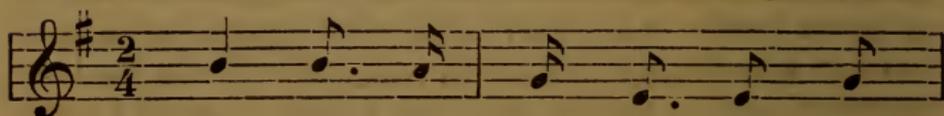
Hand in the sugar-cup finding a lump—
 Next to the stairway—a trip and a bump ;
 Then in the mud with his trim little shoe,
 How can I scold him—my little Boy Blue.

Autumn and Winter slip by us so fast—
 Spring-time and Summer-time gayly glide past—
 Swiftly the seasons are hurrying through,
 Making a man of my little Boy Blue.

NO. VI.—THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

This picture can be easily represented. In the centre of the platform, on an old-fashioned stand, should be placed a lighted candle (a dipped candle if possible), in an old-fashioned candlestick. In front of the candlestick should stand a pair of snuffers in their tray. No explanation should be given of this tableau, but it should be announced as usual, and when the curtain rises some one concealed at the right or left of the stage should sing, softly, the following words :

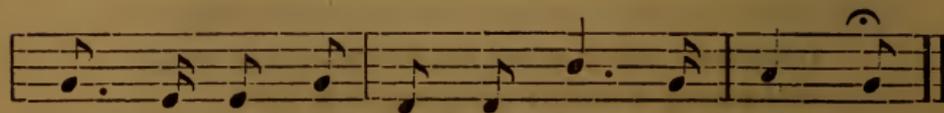
Words and Music from "The Song Book of the School," pub. in 1847.



Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere



slumber's chain has bound me, Fond mem'-ry



brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

NO. VII.—"JOHN ANDERSON,"

AS PICTURED BY THE PEN OF ROBERT BURNS.

To represent this picture, two persons should be dressed like very old people, and should sit near the centre of the stage, in high-backed, old-fashioned arm-chairs. The woman's left hand should lie in the man's right hand. They should both wear glasses. The man should wear, if possible, a long white wig, braided in a cue behind, and tied with a ribbon. He should also wear knee-breeches, knee-buckles, shoe-buckles, ruffled shirt, etc., if they can be obtained. The woman should wear a white cap, with very wide ruffle, and strings (powder the hair in front where it shows), a plain dress, a handkerchief around the neck, crossed in front, and hold a snuff-box in her hand. If convenient, the man and woman might be dressed in Scottish costume. After the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, some one carefully concealed behind the woman's chair should recite the following verses. It is particularly desirable that both man and woman sit motionless. The effect will be far better if the verses can be recited in the voice of an old woman.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now you're growing auld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And monie a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither.

Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go ;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

NO. VIII.—LITTLE CHILDREN.

This tableau can be very easily represented, and, if well arranged, makes a pretty picture. Arrange ten or a dozen little children prettily and naturally on the stage. They may have their different toys and games, and be engaged in play, if thought desirable. After the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, the person who is to describe it should recite the following lines. If it is difficult for the children to keep quiet during the entire recitation, the curtain may be lowered for a moment, giving them a rest, and then raised again, the recitation being continued during this time.

Sporting through the forest wide,
 Playing by the water side,
 Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
 Down within the woodland dells,
 And among the mountains wild,
 Dwelleth many a little child.

In the baron's hall of pride,
 By the poor man's dull fireside,
 With the mighty, with the mean,
 Little children may be seen ;
 Like the flowers that spring up fair,
 Bright and countless everywhere.

Blessings on them ! they in me
 Move a kindly sympathy,
 With their wishes, hopes, and fears,
 With their laughter and their tears,
 With their wonders so intense,
 And their small experience !—MARY HOWITT.

NO. IX.—THE MILK-MAID.

The carpet on the stage should be taken up, or covered with brown paper, or anything that will represent a bare floor. An old table and a few wooden chairs should be introduced so as to make the room appear like a kitchen. The milk-maid should stand a little in front of the centre of the stage, either with her milk-pail balanced on her head or lying on its side upon the floor, with a stream of milk flowing out of it. A long, irregular piece of thin white paper, extending into the pail and along the floor, will represent the milk that has been spilled. The maid should be dressed in calico, with a coarse apron. If she bears the pail upon her head she should appear as if lost in deep thought. If she has spilled her milk she should be looking sorrowfully at the disaster. After the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, it should be described by the recitation of the following :

A milk-maid, who poised a full pail on her head,
 Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said :
 "Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
 One hundred good eggs, or four score, to be sure.

"Well, then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
 Some of them may be broken, and some may be rotten !
 But if twenty for accident should be detached,
 It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean :
 Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen.
 Seventeen ! not so many—say ten at the most,
 Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But, then, there's their barley, how much will they need?
 Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
 So that's a mere trifle ; now then, let us see,
 At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix.
Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—*I'll ask brother Ned.*

"O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a *pair* I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em:
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is,
That I can't reckon up so much money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, *and it cannot be less.*

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects, her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—

"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

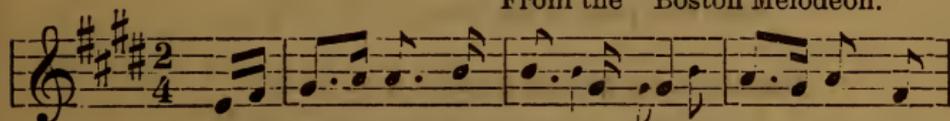
If the maid finds it difficult to stand motionless for so long a time, the curtain may be lowered during the middle of the recitation, and she could rest while a few lines were being recited. If this is done, she may appear the first time with the pail on her head, the and second with the pail on the floor.

NO. X.—SWEET HOME.

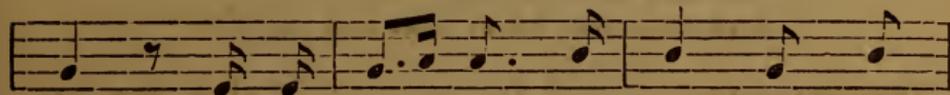
The stage should represent a parlor and a home circle. A little child should sit in its mother's lap. Another child should

be climbing on its father's chair to play with his watch chain. The father might be reading. The old grandmother, appropriately dressed, should sit in her arm-chair, knitting. The first child might have a cat in her arms, and one or two others might be playing about the floor with their toys. One or two older children should sit at the table, writing or studying. If convenient, a girl might sit at a piano, as if playing. When the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, some one at the right or left hand of the stage should sing, softly, the first verse of Home, Sweet Home. If preferred, this might be considered as a moving tableau, and the girl seated at the piano could then play and sing the verse.

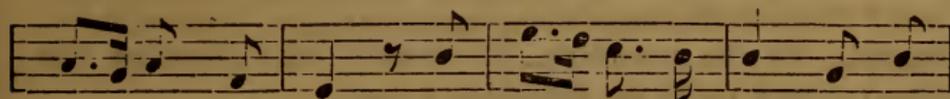
From the "Boston Melodeon."



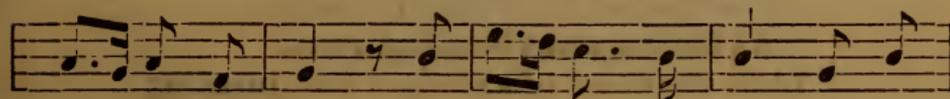
Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may



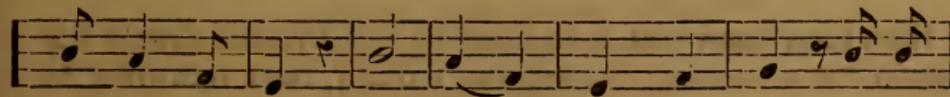
roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's



no - place like home; A - charm, from the skies seems to



hal - low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er



met with elsewhere, Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, Be it



ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

NO. XI.—THE CHILD-VIOLINIST.

A little boy with a tired, mournful expression of countenance, with his fingers on the strings of a violin, should stand a little in advance of the centre of the stage. After the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, the person who is to describe it should recite the following :

He must play for his lordsbip's levee,
 He must play for her ladyship's whim,
 Till the poor little head is heavy,
 And the poor little brain will swim.

See the face grows peaked and eerie,
 And the large eyes strange and bright,
 And they ne'er will say "He is weary !
 And must rest for at least one night !"

Here the curtain should fall, and, out of sight, the boy should play a few measures of some mournful strain. Suddenly there should be a noise as if a string of the violin had snapped. In the meantime, the person who describes this tableau should recite the following verse :

It is dawn and the birds are waking,
 As the boy seeks his silent room.
 List ! the sound of a strained cord breaking
 A something snapped in the gloom.

Here the person who is to describe the tableau should disappear for a moment behind the curtain, then returning he should repeat the following verse :

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
 And I heard him stir in his bed :
 "Make room for a tired little fellow,
 Kind God !—" 'Twas the last that he said.

NO. XII.—PLAYING TAKE TEA.

This requires a small, low table covered neatly with a cloth. Low chairs for children should be placed around the table. The table should be nicely set with children's tea things. There should be no food on the table and only cold water in the teapot. A little girl should sit at the head of the table with the teapot raised as if pouring out a cup of tea. A dog, sitting on his hind legs, should be at the foot of the table. Some dogs can be taught to sit thus for quite a long time. I have seen toy dogs in this posture as large as life. Such a one would be excellent for this picture. A doll may occupy one chair and a girl with a doll in her arms another. A boy may also be seated in a chair with a puppy in his arms. This forms a very pleasing tableau, especially for children. After the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, the person who is to describe it should repeat the following verses :

They all drink tea together,
 And Gold-Locks hostess is;
 Bessie has brought her loveliest child,
 And Teddy has brought his;

And Tony, though not invited,
 Of course was sure to come;
 And there he sits with wishful eyes
 And waits to get a crumb

'Tis a very dainty table,
 Spread with a most complete
 And quaint, flower-painted china set;
 But what is there to eat ?

The hostess smiles and whispers,
 "Play these are sandwiches !
 Play this is an orange marmalade,—
 That these are strawberries !"

Then out of the little teapot
 She gravely pours the tea,
 (Though water for tea and the cream
 Is all that I can see).

They sit and gossip and linger,
 And toy with fork and spoon,
 While grows toward its sunset hour
 The pleasant afternoon.

Contentment we learn from children
 Happy with little, we see,
 As here we show how the little folks
 Do sometimes *play* take tea.

The curtain can be dropped for a moment during the recitation, thus giving the children a short rest.

NO. XIII.—A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

To represent this picture, the stage should be uncarpeted, or something should be spread over the carpet to make it look as if the floor were bare. A few low benches should be placed about, on which a number of children should be seated. One little girl should be laying down her head as if asleep, a girl and boy should be playing "cat's cradle" in a corner of the room, one boy should have his mouth very wide open as if gaping, a few children pretending to study, and "Jemmy," with a fish-line over the back of his seat might be playing catch trout, and another boy should stand near the centre of the room with his hands over his eyes as if in disgrace. The blue-eyed teacher must sit near a desk on which stands a vase of flowers. She holds in her hand a large colored alphabet and is pointing to the letter O. A boy, with his hands behind him, stands in front of her, his mouth arranged as if saying O. After the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, the person who is to describe it should recite the following verses :

Pretty and pale and tired,
She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines in on her soft brown hair.
And the little brook without,
That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmur cool
Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round,
Grammar and A, B, C;
The blackboard and the sums;
The stupid geography;
When from teacher to little Jem
Not one of them cares a straw
Whether "John" is in any "case,"
Or Kansas in Omaha.

For Jemmy's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
Shall leap with a quick bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half-unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
As she smells their faint sweet scent;
But when have time and heart
Their measure in unison blent?
For time will haste or lag,
Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind,
Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem,
The stream and the fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes,—

Down the winding road by the gate,
 Under the willow shade,
 Stands some one with fresher flowers;
 So turn to your books again,
 And keep love for the after hours.

NO. XIV.—THE CHILDREN'S CENTENNIAL.

To represent this picture, two girls and a boy should stand near the centre of the stage. The boy should have several small flags in his hand, one of the girls an apron and the other a doll. The first and last should have their mouths open as if just saying "hurrah," and their arms raised as if ready to swing them heartily. The other girl should stand with her side face to the audience, as if expostulating with her mother who stands at a little distance. The latter should look very much displeased and appear as though she had been scolding the children. She holds a child in her arms, who holds a dilapidated doll. When the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, the person who is to describe it should recite the following verses. Give the children a little rest in the middle of the piece.

Why, mamma, 'tis our centennial,
 Just one whole day ago.
 Papa brought home our lovely doll—
 That's why we're shouting so.
 Jack's got out all his flags
 And he's waving them round, you see;
 And we're shouting "Hurrah ! boys"—
 Jack and Em and me.

We didn't suppose you'd mind so much
 If we did wake baby, you know;
 'Cause people always shout out loud
 At a big centennial show.

At least, so Bennie told us,
"And papa told me," says he;
And then we shouted "Hurrah ! boys"—
Jack and Em and me.

A whole long day we've had our doll,
And yet she is beautiful still;
And, though one arm has grown putty thin,
We have saw-dust enough to fill
Em's red pin-cushion all chuckfull—
We tapped her for that, you see;
And then we shouted "Hurrah ! boys"—
Jack and Em and me.

And we don't much mind if her leg is broke,
'Cause it makes her look older so,
And Ben says things must be awful old
To have a centennial show.
So then we put on her very worst dress,
That Peggy wore, you see;
And then we shouted "Hurrah ! boys"—
Jack and Em and me.

And then you came, and baby cried,
And you took our dolly away,
And said we couldn't have her again,
Not for all the long to-day.
And we don't, don't like centennials,
But it wasn't our fault, you see;
We thought we ought to "Hurrah ! boys"—
Jack and Em and me.

Ben's always a-getting things all wrong
That papa tells him all right,
And he tolds us lots about this show,
Out on the porch last night—
How he kept it like a birthday,
"The very best birthday," says he;
So, of course, we shouted "Hurrah ! boys"—
Jack and Em and me.

'Cause 'twas our best dolly's birthday,
 And we had the flags, you know,
 And Ben said they always had to have flags
 For a big centennial show.
 "They take off their hats and scream out loud,
 And have a good time," says he;
 So, of course, we shouted "Hurrah ! boys"—
 Jack and Em and me.

MRS. A. B. MASON.

NO. XV.—ROBIN'S RETURN.

For this picture, arrange the stage with suitable furniture to represent an old-fashioned kitchen. A few evergreens should be hung about to indicate the Christmas season. The mother, appropriately dressed, should be sitting at the table mending stockings, and a little girl could sit on a footstool at her feet holding her ball of yarn. The father should sit nearly opposite the mother, holding one child in his arms while another stands at his knee looking up in his face. Another child might be playing on the floor. A girl could sit at the table reading. A little back of these a spinning wheel should stand, and the grandmother, dressed as described in one of the other tableaux, should look as if she had just risen from her seat in great haste, and is clapping her hands in glee and looking eagerly towards Robin, who, with his "merry brown face" and snow-covered clothes, stands in the doorway, and whom she appears to be welcoming. Very small bits of white tissue paper will represent snow very well. None but grandmother appears to see the entrance of Robin. After the announcement of this tableau, when the curtain rises, the person who is to describe it should repeat the following verses :

It was Yule, and the snow kept falling
 In silent shadowy flight,
 Through the dull gray haze of the daylight,
 Far into the starless night ;

And father sat close at the fireside,
With the children round his knee,
And every bonny brown face was there
But the one that was at sea.

Never a letter and ne'er a word,
And my eyes with tears were dim,
As I wreathed the holly upon the wall,
And harked to the children's hymn;
And father said as their carol ceased,
With a smile nigh like a tear,
"Christmas will scarce be Christmas, wife,
If our boy should not be here."

The wheel in the nook stood all unturned.
And I saw not granny's face;
But the tears dropped under the wrinkled hands,
Held towards the Yule log blaze;
Poor Bessie she turned to the doorway,
With face both pale and sad,
So I kissed her cheek ere we parted
For love of my sailor lad.

As I looked down the drift-dimmed pathway
I said there's one we know,
Would have given a good deal, darling,
To have seen you thro' the snow;
Then we drew near the hearth together,
And listened side by side,
For the first blithe peal of the merry bells
Which welcome Christmas tide.

Never a sound but the crackling log,
And the wind amid the thatch,
Till the clock was near the stroke of twelve,
When a finger raised the latch;
A merry brown face stood at the door,
The face I loved the best,
And the snow in the curls of Robin
Lay melting on my breast !

Dear granny she rose from her corner
 And clapped her hands in glee,
 And she said, "O roving Robin,
 You must keep a kiss for me!
 And there's some one else will want one, too,
 Who left not long ago!"
 "Ah, she got it," quoth Robin, laughing,
 "When we met among the snow."

JOHN JAMES LONSDALE.

NO. XVI.—LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

The stage should be fitted up to represent a kitchen as nearly as possible. Ten or a dozen little girls (the smaller the better) should be scattered about the stage, engaged in various employments. Of course they should be motionless, only *looking* as if at work. The girls should all have plain calico dresses and high aprons. Several of them should have their sleeves rolled up. One girl should be sweeping, another dusting, and one at the farther side of the stage could be down on her knees with a cloth in her hand and a pail of water at her side, as if in the act of scrubbing the floor. One girl could stand at a table ironing, another mixing bread, and a third scouring knives. A very small girl might stand at a tub, with her sleeves rolled up, having the appearance of washing with all her might on the washboard. Another girl could be mending stockings. A very large stocking should be drawn over her left hand. Another girl might be paring apples, or any other employment that suggests itself to the mind. After the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, the person who is to describe it should recite the following verses :

Beautiful maidens—aye, nature's fair queens,
 Some in your twenties, and some in your teens,
 Seeking accomplishments worthy your aim,
 Seeking for learning, thirsting for fame,

Taking such pains with the style of your hair,
 Keeping your lily complexion so fair,
 Miss not *this* item in all your gay lives :
 Learn to keep house, you may one day be wives ;
 Learn to keep house !

Now your Adonis loves sweet moonlight walks,
 Hand-clasps and kisses, and nice little talks ;
Then, as plain Charlie, with burdens and care,
 He must subsist on more nourishing fare ;
 He will come home at the set of the sun,
 Heart-sick and weary, his working day done,
 Thence let his slippered feet ne'er wish to roam ;
 Learn to keep house, you may keep him at home :
 Learn to keep house !

First in his eyes will be children and wife,
 Joy of his joy, and life of his life ;
 Next, his bright dwelling, his table, his meals ;
 Shrink not at what my pen trembling reveals,
 Maidens romantic ; the truth must be told ;
 Knowledge is better than silver and gold.
 Then be prepared ; in the Spring-time of health
 Learn to keep house, tho' surrounded with wealth .
 Learn to keep house !

This tableau may be represented with excellent effect by young ladies, the above arrangement being rather a burlesque.

NO. XVII.—THE DIRGE OF THE CLAM.

Place a table in the centre of the stage, and cover it with a cloth which is not very conspicuous for color or figure. Let the cloth extend to the floor on every side of the table visible to the audience. Place a large quantity of clams or clamshells in the centre of the table, as much in the form of a

pyramid as possible. Have a very large clam, with its mouth wide open for the top of the pyramid. Let two boys be concealed beneath the table. After the tableau has been announced and the curtain rises, one of the boys should ask the questions given in the following verses, and the other boy, in a very deep bass voice, should make the answers.

Who dragged me from my little hole,
And took my mother, poor old soul !
And put us on the red-hot coal ?

The fat men !

And when we roasted in the shell,
Who came around to catch the smell,
And laughed and said, "'Tis well ?"

The fat men !

Who served us up in great wire pails,
And sprinkled salt upon our tails,
Then opened mouths—they'd shame the whales ?

The fat men !

Who swallowed us—girl, boy and child,
And guzzled beer till they were wild,
And never said, "Make my drink mild ?"

The fat men !

Who laid them down that night to sleep,
And felt inside the clam-ghost creep,
And got up fast and ran to weep ?

The fat men !

Who laughed with glee at the dreadful groan,
And said aloud when they heard the moan,
"Revenge is sweet, it is our own ?"

The clam—clam !

G. H. EDWARDS.

NO. XVIII.—A DREAM OF THE PAST.

To represent this picture, let a pretty young girl be seated at a wheel spinning. If possible obtain a linen wheel. Half of the stage should look as much like an old-fashioned kitchen as possible, and the spinner should be placed about the middle of this half. A bright tallow candle should stand on a pine table, and various old-fashioned things, such as china, etc., should also be placed about the room. The other part of the stage should be furnished like a room of to-day. An old gentleman, with gray hair, is leaning back in an arm-chair, fast asleep. As the curtain rises the person who is to describe the tableau should repeat the following :

When the backlog's bright glow enlivened the room,
 Where sunshine delighted to stay,
 With her trim little wheel the spinner would come,
 And sit at her task all the day.
 The flax on her distaff so evenly wound,
 She coaxed into thread soft and fine,
 While she sang lullabies as the plyers went round,
 Or talked of the days of "Lang syne."

Her smile was as glad as the sunrise of May,
 When bud, bloom and dewdrop are there;
 And never were happier children than they
 Who played 'round or leaned on her chair.
 Her voice was as sweet as the music of birds,
 Or brooks that flow laughing along;
 A voice that man's spirit soothes, strengthens and girds
 Life's burdens to bear with a song

Her burden of life with such hearty good cheer,
 She bore till her day's work was done,
 No tangle nor break in her skein did appear,
 For grace oiled her wheel as she spun.

She was not afraid of the snow nor the cold,
 For in "scarlet" her household were dressed,
 And the wool and the flax she wrought like fine gold,
 For love every fibre impressed.

O, beautiful spinner, and beautiful days !
 O, hearthlight and sunshine of *then* !
 How memory loiters along the old ways,
 And revels with childhood again !
 The backlog's bright glow, the neat sunny room,
 The whirr of the wheel on the air,
 The voice and the smile of the spinner all come,
 As listening I lean on her chair.

But I start from my dreaming to find that alone
 I sit by the hearthside to-day,
 While naught of the bygone remains but the tone
 Of memory's wind-harp at play.
 Her distaff dismantled lies in an old cask,
 With the cards and the uncarded tow,
 While the hands that so cheerfully wrought every task,
 Were folded to rest long ago.

And like the sweet odors of flowers that remain,
 Though withered they lie on their bed,
 The grace of her life until memory wane,
 Around me its fragrance will shed.
 And I would that *my* distaff of duty to-day,
 With love such as hers might be wound ;
 That, when I am done and my wheel put away,
 My skein might as faultless be found.—A. P. WALKER.

NO. XIX.—STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK.

This is a moving tableau. The objection to moving tableaux is, that they do not resemble a picture so nearly as the others;

still, they are often very effective, as this one may be if well performed.

The stage must be supposed to represent a street in New York. On one corner of the stage (taking up as little room as possible) might be a fruit stall. On another corner a little girl might be selling flowers. She should hold up her bouquets, every now and then crying out, "Bouquets, only ten cents apiece!" Standing in an out-of-the-way place, there might be a man, appropriately dressed, with a hand-organ and a monkey, if one can be obtained. When the curtain rises the hand-organ must be played with little intermission. A man might be walking up and down the street bearing a placard in front of him, on which should be printed some advertisement. In an out-of-the-way place should be a bootblack, and he should be calling out at intervals, "Want a shine? Want a shine?" A newsboy should be hurrying along crying out, "Extra Herald! Extra Herald! Great fire in Chicago!" In another place should be a scissors grinder. Almost anything can be made to represent the machine, but he must have a small bell which he should ring at intervals. His cry should be

"Scissors to grind! Scissors to grind!

Any razors, or scissors, or penknives to grind?

I'll engage that my work shall be done to your mind."

In another place a man might be selling oranges. His cry should be:

"Oranges! oranges! Sixteen for a quarter.

Here's fine sweet oranges,

Rich, flowing with juice,

Just arrived from abroad,

Ripe and ready for use."

An old woman, very poorly dressed, with a basket on her arm, might be selling matches. She should hold some in her hand, and her cry might be:

"Matches! Matches! will you have any matches to-day?"

Fine matches ! good matches !
 Will you please to have any ?
 In pity do take some,
 Three bunches a penny."

An old woman, poorly dressed, with a comical looking bonnet and a basket on her arm, might be selling radishes. The basket could be filled with radishes, and she could hold one or two bunches in her hand. Her cry might be :

"Radishes ! Radishes ! Here's your fine radishes !
 Radishes ! Radishes ! I hold them to view,
 Turnip or carrot form, as fine as e'er grew."

A poorly dressed man, with some tools in his hand, and on his shoulder an iron ring on which are a great many keys, both new and old, could pass along, with a cry something like this :

"Any locks to repair or keys to be fitted ?
 Do you want any locks
 Put in goodly repair ?
 Or any keys fitted,
 To turn true as a hair ?"

Another man might have brooms and brushes. His cry could be :

"Brooms ! Brooms ! Any brooms or brushes to-day ?
 Come, buy a new brush,
 Or a nice sweeping broom ;
 'Tis pleasant indeed
 To have a clean room."

A dirty looking boy with a queer looking broom over his shoulder, could represent the chimney sweep. The following might be his cry :

"Sweep O ! Patent sweep ! Here's your patent sweep.
 Sweep for your soot, ho ! I am the man,
 That your chimney will clean, if any one can."

A little boy could have pop-corn for sale. This might his cry, "Pop-corn ! Pop-corn ! Five cents a package !"

A great variety of other things will probably be presented to the mind of any one who wishes to use this tableau.

When the curtain rises there should be but few persons on the stage. Some one might be at the fruit stall, one or two fine ladies walking up and down the stage, the bootblack, the man with the hand-organ, and the girl with the bouquets would be sufficient. The hand-organ should be playing, and the cry of the little girl and the bootblack should occasionally be heard. Then, one by one, the other peddlers should enter and begin to parade the street and cry their wares.

The cry of each one should be heard before he appears in sight, and the words should be spoken so plainly that every one can be distinctly heard. There should be no confusion until every one has had chance to cry his wares so that he can be heard distinctly, then each one should begin to utter his or her cry at shorter and shorter intervals, until at last there is a perfect uproar. In the midst of the confusion, the curtain should fall. After the curtain has fallen the sounds should grow fainter and fainter until they finally die away in the distance.

NO. XX.—THE BABY'S PICTURE.

Arrange the stage to represent a photographer's room as nearly as possible. Have a pretty child, dressed as the verses describe, with an apple in his hand, sitting in a large chair waiting for his picture to be taken. The baby is supposed to be fifteen months old from the verses, but it will be found advisable to select a child considerably older, taking care that the dress should conform to a child of under two years. Of course it is well to show the tableau as long as the baby can sit still, but it will probably be so tiresome for the child that it will doubtless have to be shown twice, that is, at the third and fifth verses. When the baby is shown in the fifth verse, its face must look just as described in the picture. If the child could be taught to scream and wrinkle its face at the proper time, this would be very effective as a moving tableau.

If it is decided to show this picture only at the third and fifth verses, of course the person who is to describe the tableau must recite the first two verses before the curtain rises, and the last verse after it has fallen.

"We must carry our beautiful baby to town
 Some day, when the weather is fair," we said.
 "We must dress him up in his prettiest gown,
 And wave his hair on the top of his head;
 For all his cousins, and all his aunts,
 And both his grandmothers proud and dear,
 Declare it is shameful and every way blameful,
 To have had no picture of him this year."

He was three moths old when we took him before,
 And he lay like a lamb on his mamma's lap,
 And the darling now has a twelvemonth more
 Of bewildering graces from sock to cap.
 Just look at his dear little laughing face,
 At the rosebud mouth, at the violet eyes—
 Why, the photograph-taker, that vanity shaker,
 Will think, this time, we have brought him a prize !

We carried our child to the town one day,
 The skies were soft, and the air was cool,
 We robed him richly in fine array—
 Ribbons and laces, and Swiss, and tulle.
 He looked like a prince in the artist's chair,
 Sitting erect, and brave and grand,
 With a big red apple he scarce could grapple
 Held close in the palm of one dimpled hand.

"He is taking it now !" We held our breath !
 We furtively peeped from behind the screen !
 "What a pose !" we whispered ; then, still as death,
 Waited—and baby was all serene

Till the critical moment, when, behold,
The sun was catching that lovely look,
Such a terrible roar, it shook the floor !
And that was the picture the swift sun took ;

A wrinkled face, and close-shut eyes,
And a mouth that's opened so very wide,
That our dear little sister, sibyl-wise,
Declares that she can see the cry inside.
Aunts and cousins and grandmothers dear
Haven't got over their anger yet ;
But we thought it was funny, and paid our money
For that strange phase of our precious pet.

Ah ! children older than baby, think,
Dear little children, blithe and sweet,
With your curls of gold, and your cheeks of pink,
And your naughty tempers, sudden and fleet,
What an awful thing it would be for you
If an artist should happen along some day,
And observing the pouting, the frown, or the flouting,
Should take a picture of you that way !

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

NO. XXI.—THE LITTLE TAMBOURINE PLAYER.

This picture will look better in a frame, such as was described in a former tableau. It will, however, be pretty without a frame.

A sad, tired, hungry looking girl, with poor shoes, faded dress and unbrushed hair, should stand upon the stage in the attitude of wearily shaking a tambourine she holds in her hand. The sound of the tambourine can be heard for a moment just before the curtain rises and after it has fallen, if thought desirable. After the curtain rises, the person who is to describe this tableau should recite the following verses :

From morning till night, treading the street,
Dragging her tired and aching feet,
With faded bodice and hat all torn,
Hungry, weary, sad and forlorn.

Often she thinks of the beautiful bay
Where the happy home of her childhood lay,
Of the fisherman's boat and the curling sea,
And her careless life, so glad and free.

The pavements are hot to her poor bruised feet;
She hates the glare of the crowded street,
And longs for the grass so cool and green,
As she wearily shakes her tambourine.

Her hair is tangled in hopeless maze,—
It was not so in happier days;
Then, a mother's hand, with tenderness,
Had smoothed it oft, with a soft caress.

But the mother lies far over the wave,
And the blue tide ripples beside her grave,
While Nina wanders the wide world o'er,
With never a friend, on a foreign shore.

O, happy children with sunny homes,
Where want or poverty never comes,
Give to this friendless child your aid,
Each kindly act will be well repaid.

Ask the dear God above the sky,
To look on her with pitying eye,
That He who feeds the birds of the air,
May compass her, too, with His tender care!

E. V. S.

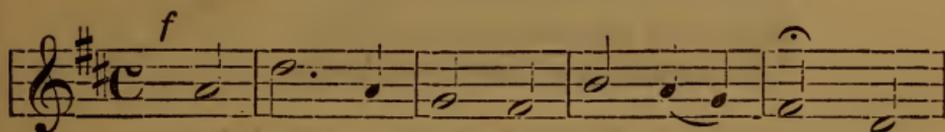
THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

A young boy or girl should come forward to the centre of the stage and commence the exercises with the following remarks :

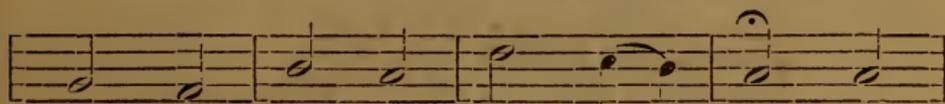
As but few of those who take part in the exercises this evening were old enough to witness the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, and as none of us will probably live till another Centennial, we, children, have decided to have a *pretended* Centennial Exhibition of our own.

As the foreign nations so gladly joined with our Great Republic in the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, so you have assembled here to-night to celebrate the jubilee with us. If you miss a *few* of the attractions which enticed so many of you to Philadelphia, please remember that we do not charge you fifty cents admission, and we do not even object to making change.

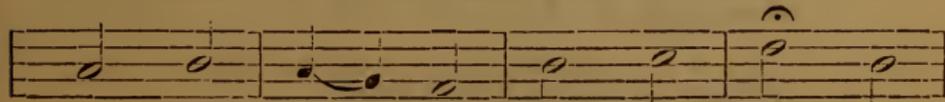
Our exercises will commence with Whittier's Centennial Hymn, which was sung at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.



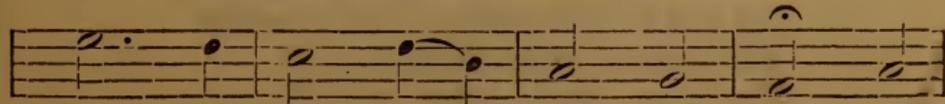
Our fa - thers' God ! from out whose hand The



cen - turies fall like grains of sand, We



meet to - day, u - ni - ted, free, And



loy - al to our land and Thee, To

cres.

thank Thee for the e - ra done, And

ff *Fine.*

trust Thee for the o - pening one,

Here where of old, by Thy design,
 The fathers spake that word of thine
 Whose echo is the glad refrain
 Of rended bolt and falling chain,
 To grace our festal time from all
 The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
 The Old World, thronging all its streets,
 Unveiling all the triumphs won
 By art or toil beneath the sun ;
 And unto common good ordain
 This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
 The war-flags of a gathered world,
 Beneath our western skies fulfil
 The Orient's mission of good will,
 And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
 Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
 For beauty made the bride of use,
 We thank Thee, while withal we crave
 The austere virtues strong to save,
 The honor proof to place or gold,
 The manhood never bought or sold !

Oh make Thou us, thro' centuries long,
 In peace secure, and justice strong ;
 Around our gift of freedom, draw
 The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
 And, cast in some diviner mould,
 Let the new cycle shame the old.

Miss —— will now recite William Cullen Bryant's "Centennial Ode."

[Published by permission of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.]

Through storm and calm the years have led
 Our nation on from stage to stage,
 A century's space, until we tread
 The threshold of another age.

We see there o'er our pathway swept,
 A torrent stream of blood and fire ;
 And thank the ruling power who kept
 Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh! checkered train of years, farewell,
 With all thy strifes and hopes and fears ;
 But with us let thy memory dwell,
 To warn and lead the coming years.

And thou, the new beginning age,
 Warned by the past and not in vain,
 Write on a fairer, whiter page
 The record of thy happier reign.

The audience are invited to join with us in singing "America."

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee we sing ;
 Land where our fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing !
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

Master —— will now give a "Prophecy of the future glory of America," which was furnished by an anonymous contributor, to some of the colonial journals, prior to the Declaration of Independence.

During this declamation, the "Singers of 1776" should make, in the dressing room, preparations for their song. These singers should consist of both boys and girls, who should be dressed, as nearly as possible, in the costumes of olden times.

To years far distant, and to scenes more bright,
 Along the vale of time extend thy sight,
 Where hours and days and years, from you bright pole,
 Wave following wave, in long succession roll ;

There see in pomp, for ages without end,
The glories of the Western World ascend !

See, this blest land in her bright morn appears,
Wak'd from dead slumbers of six thousand years :
Where clouds of darkness veil'd each cheering ray,
To savage beasts and savage men a prey,
Fair Freedom now her ensign bright displays,
And peace and plenty bless the golden days.

In mighty pomp America shall rise,
Her glories spreading to the boundless skies :
Of ev'ry fair, she boasts th' assembled charms,
The queen of empires and the nurse of arms.
See where her heroes mark their glorious way,
Arm'd for the fight and blazing on the day.

Blood stains their steps, and o'er the conquering plain,
'Mid fighting thousands, and 'mid thousands slain,
Their eager swords promiscuous carnage blend,
And ghastly deaths their raging course attend.
Her mighty power the subject world shall see,
For laurel'd conquest waits her high decree.

See her bold vessels rushing to the main,
Catch the swift gales, and sweep the wat'ry plain ;
Or, led by commerce, at the merchant's door,
Unlade the treasures of each distant shore ;
Or arm'd with thunder, on the guilty foe
Rush, big with death, and aim the impending blow
Bid every realm that hears the trump of fame,
Quake at the distant terror of her name !

You are now invited to listen to a song, in the good old tune
of "Windham," from the Singers of 1776 :

*The boy who is to act as the leader, should stand in front of the
singers, and at a given signal from him, both before the
commencement and after the close of the song, each boy should*

make a stately bow and each girl an old-fashioned courtesy. The leader should "line off" the song—that is, he should read or repeat the first line, and after that has been sung, the second line should be read, and so on. Considerable practice will be necessary before all this can be done well.

Yes, little nest, I'll hold you fast,
 And little birds, one, two, three, four ;
 I've watch'd you long, you're mine at last ;
 Poor little things, you'll 'scape no more.

Chirp, cry, and fluttter, as you will,
 Ah! simple rebels, 'tis in vain ;
 Your little wings are unfledged still,
 How can you freedom then obtain ?

What note of sorrow strikes my ear ?
 Is it their mother thus distrest ?
 Ah, yes, and see, their father dear
 Flies round and round, to seek their nest.

And is it I who cause their moan ?
 I, who so oft in summer's heat,
 Beneath yon oak have laid me down
 To listen to their songs so sweet ?

Go, gentle birds ; go free as air ;
 While oft again in summer's heat,
 To yonder oak I will repair,
 And listen to your songs so sweet.—OLD SONG.

A recitation by ——, "My Native Land, I love thee."

My own native country, fair home of my soul !
 Thou Leader of Nations ! the Liberty Goal !
 I hail thee in triumph, my country so free,
 Columbia—I strike my weak harp unto thee !

Thou meek bride of liberty ! home of the brave !
 I sing thy clear azure, thy emerald wave ;

Sweet land of my heart ! cynosure of the world,
 May thy star-spangled banner be ever unfurled.

Thou soft-gliding brooklet, thou mild, whispering breeze,
 Thou clear, placid lake, and you, also, proud seas,
 Swell Nature's loud organ, and tell of our land,
 The asylum of rest for each suffering band.

My country ! my country ! thou child of the free !
 Thy prayers from thy birth have been Liberty.
 In the " May Flower " cradled, thy first lullaby
 Was Truth's potent note, " Make me free, or I die ! "

Night came—oh 'twas dark, but the bright gold of morn
 Spread soon o'er the earth—Independence was born !
 Columbia, let *now* thy triumphal song rise,
 Increase in its volume and roll to the skies !

MRS. S. J. DAVIS.

At the close of this recitation, the whole school should sing, without instrumental accompaniment, one verse of "Hail Columbia."

A Declamation by ———, "The Bell of Freedom."

At the portal of the State House,
 Like some beacon in the storm,
 Round which waves are wildly beating,
 Stood a slender boyish form,
 With his eyes fixed on the steeple,
 And his ears agape with greed,
 To catch the first announcement
 Of the signing of the deed.

Aloft in that high steeple,
 Sat the bellman, old and gray ;
 He was sick of British power,
 •He was sick of British pay ;
 So he sat with lean hand ready
 On the clapper of the bell,
 When signalled from the portal,
 The happy news to tell.

See, see ! the black crowd shivers
 Through all its lengthy line,
 As the boy upon the portal
 Looks up and gives the sign ;
 And straightway at the signal
 The old bellman lifts his hand,
 And sends the good news waking
 Iron music through the land !

How they shouted ! what rejoicing !
 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of Freedom ruffled
 The calm, gliding Delaware !
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Lighted up the night's repose !
 And from out the flames like Phoenix,
 Slaughtered Liberty arose !—ANONYMOUS.

Philadelphia, July 4, 1776.

*At the close of this declamation the whole school should unite in
 singing "Thrice hail, happy day !"*

A recitation by ———, "Our Foe in 1776—1876."

This piece should be spoken by a very small boy, or girl.

In *seventeen* hundred seventy-six
 Against the crown we fought,
 And with the nation's choicest blood
 Our Independence bought.
 In *eighteen* hundred seventy-six
 We fight *another* foe—
 A tyrant king who rules the land
 And fills the world with woe.

Oh ! for the patriot's spirit now
 To battle for the right ;
 Oh ! for a Washington to lead
 Our armies in the fight :

But only let *us women* vote,
 And soon the time will come
 When we can celebrate the day
 Our nation conquered *Rum!*—ANONYMOUS.

At the close of this recitation, the whole school should unite in singing :

Work, for the night is coming ;
 Work, through the morning hours ;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling ;
 Work, 'mid springing flowers :
 Work, when the day grows brighter ;
 Work, in the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When all work is done.

A recitation by ———, "That Banner a Hundred Years Old."

This piece should be recited by a little girl dressed in red, white and blue. She should hold in her hand a flag, which, at appropriate times, she should wave. If possible, a class of little girls, all dressed in red, white and blue, should come on the stage, one of whom should carry the flag and recite the poetry. At the close of the recitation the class, or, if there is no class, the whole school, should unite in singing one verse of "Red, White and Blue."

There's an emblem so dear to American hearts,
 Floating over the land that is free,
 Since the Goddess of Liberty's cradle was rocked
 On the shores of the isle of the sea.

With a dark field of blue, and a bright stripe of red,
 Bespangled with stars bright as gold,
 A Centennial present from brave hearts now still ;
 This "banner a hundred years old."

And when Liberty, crushed by the grim tyrant's hand,
 Lay panting and bleeding alone,
 Ere the brave Learts had rallied around our dear land,
 And had offered their blood to atone.

And the angel of love looking down from above,
 Dropped tears on the blue ocean cold,
 And plashing that flag, they enfigured each star
 On this "banner a hundred years old."

God bless our Centennial meeting at home !
 May joys and sweet pleasures untold
 Cluster round the dear emblem our forefathers gave,
 This "banner a hundred years old."

We ask your attention to another song by the "Singers of 1776," called "Commencement," which was written for one of the first singing schools established in this country after the introduction of notes.

Well met, my lov-ing friends of art, In concert let us
 sing; And let each bear his vo - cal part. In
 tune - ful voi - ces ring. Each join with me his
 well-tuned harp, In con - cert sweet, I say, And
 set your key to ether sharp, To sing sol, la, mi, fa.

Let Will and John the tenor sound
 And sing melodiously ;
 While Joe and Ben the bass go round
 To make sweet harmony.
 Let Poll and Sal sing treble sweet
 In chords that sweetly play
 To move all parts soft and complete
 And sing sol, la, mi, fa.*

Within the Temple, Solomon
 In musick took delight ;
 He voices had to join with him
 Two hundred eighty-eight
 So may *we* ever take delight.
 In musick's art alway,
 And all unite by day or night
 To sing sol, la, mi, fa.

A declamation by ——.

This is Centennial year, boys,
 Now make a resolution
 To never gamble, smoke, or drink ;
 'Twill spoil your constitution.

And as did our fathers,
 One hundred years ago,
 Let's vote for independence,
 And its blessings strive to show.

And when we go to Congress,
 In a few short years or so,
 We'll vote for right and justice,
 And let our country know,

That old ——† hills can boast
 Of Congressmen so rare,
 No lack of fitness keeps them from
 The Presidential chair.

* The singer should pronounce fa with the long sound of a.

† Here may be given the name of the town, city, or state.

We next ask the attention of this audience to a Centennial oration from the youngest member of our primary class. (*here the child should come forward and say*) As I am so tired and sleepy, will you please excuse me from making a longer Centennial speech?

I now announce to you a Dialogue, entitled "1776 and 1876."

1776.—*A young lady in full dress of the Revolutionary period.*

1876.—*A young lady dressed in the extreme of the present fashion.*

1776 enters to the right, advances to front of the stage and makes an old-fashioned courtesy. 1876 follows at a little distance, when '76, turning and catching sight of her, exclaims:

1776. Laws me! What horrible looking creeter's this?

1876. Horrible looking, indeed! What a blessing some folks can't see themselves as others see them. Such a want of style! (*looking '76 all over*) such ignorance of fashion! I do think our present modes are perfectly lovely! (*inspecting her own dress generally*) Why, you poor old fossil, what are you doing here?

1776. Doin'? why, looking round, to be sure; it runs in our blood to be lookin' round. Ever sence Van Winkle took a twenty years' sleep, and waked up to find the whole airth turned topsy-turvy, some of us has come back every few years to find out how things is goin' on. I'm Mistress Rip Van Winkle, at your sarvice. (*jerking a low courtesy.*)

1876. Mrs. Rip Van Winkle! Ah! I didn't know such a troublesome habit ran in your family.

1776. Didn't know! Thank fortin there's *something* 1876 don't know. Here I've been wanderin east, west, north and south, lookin' on and sighin' over the times runnin' backard so, but never till now have I met a man, woman, or child that owned there was anything in this universe they didn't know. Young woman, I've hopes of you! But be you young?

1876. Young? Don't you perceive I am? What do you ask such a question as that for?

1776. 'Cause, between the *isn't's* and the *ought to-be's* I'm all mixed up. I've followed gay-looking young creeters, with their doll's bonnets on their top hairs, and a long curl hangin' over their shoulders, *pretty near* the same color as their hair, and I've thought, "Well, that gal's mother's taken a deal of pains to rig her out, sure! only it's a pity she's run off with her sister's gown on, two or three yards too long;" when, lo and behold! she'd turn, and if her face wasn't forty or fifty it ought to be. Laws! in *my* day, children used to make believe they were grown folks, but grown folks didn't play they were children. We spun and wove, and kept the wolf from the door, and the Indians, too, while our men fought for a free home. We didn't keep our hair in a box, and put it on arter-noons, and try to pass off for sweet sixteen. So look here, *be* you young?

1876. Dear me! how excruciating to one's auricular organs to hear such ungrammatical language! Don't you know it is not proper to say "*be* you?"

1776. Yes, there you go ag'in. Sich talkin'! Why, half the time I don't know what new-fangled tongue people's got. Somebody says to me, "When did you arrive?" I didn't *arrive* at all; I come. Why couldn't they ask me straight? "How is your marm?" I asked a child one day. "Well, she's convalescing." "Conva—what? dear me! is it ketchin'?" says I. Do you think the woman was just a-gittin' well, and that child didn't know how to tell it. "Where's your dad?" I asked the 'potecary's boy. "He's engaged in a consultation, ma'am." Land alive! didn't I pity the poor critter that had to have that done to him! And after all he only meant his father was a-talkin' to another man.

1876. You seem to be entirely oblivious to the extraordinary progress of the age. Philology has become a popular science, and language improves proportionately,

1776. Dear suz! don't it kinder make your mouth ache to say all that? I don't kalkerlate on understandin' it, no mor'n I do that thing the lightnin' travels on.

1876. The telegraph, I presume you refer to.

1776. The tell-a-lie'd be nearer it. Maybe I'll give in you've got some new things; but no airthly power will ever make me believe a body at one end of a string can hear what's said at t'other, three miles off.

1876. I think you don't understand the principle.

1776. No, there can't be no principle to people who go on so. Why, when I was a gal I had my picter painted. It took a man three weeks, and used a power of paint; and here to-day some onprincipled fellow told me to set down, and he'd do my likeness in five minutes, and never do a livin' thing himself but walk round the room with a watch in his hand.

1876. Did you comply with his request?

1776. Comply! I guess I didn't. I jest sot right down and waited till he'd fixed up a little brass cannon and p'inted it at me, and then I left. I said I'd be shot if I stayed.

1876. Excuse me, but we call such expressions as that, "slang."

1776. Slang! I didn't say "slang," I said "shot," and meant it too. I allers say what I mean. I never put on airs. Some of the gals in my time, when they was goin' out to tea, used to think it was pretty to lisp; so they'd keep sayin' "thoft-thoap, thoft-thoap," to get their tongues right; but I didn't; I never soft-soaped anybody, to my knowin'.

1876. Then you couldn't have taken much interest in the political partisans of the day, or you would have found abundant need of saponaceous literature.

1776. My! that's poetry, isn't it? I can't say I ever took to that. I tried once to make a verse, and the first line ended with pilgrim. I tried four weeks to find a rhyme, and couldn't think of anything but Uncle Jim, and I didn't want him, so I had to give it up.

1876. Women were not so universally blue-stockings then as now?

1776. Well, no; we wore gray, mostly—sometimes white on Sundays.

1876. I mean, women did not write, as they do now-a-days.

1776. Well, I donno ; there's a difference in hands. Mostly they could write their names pretty fair.

1876. Dear me ! there's no such thing as making such an antediluvian petrification understand. I mean, women did not compose books and have them published, as they do now.

1776. Laws! I guess they'd been put in the pillory for anything half so disgraceful. Why, our minister writ a book. 'Twas the greatest thing ! You couldn't sense a bit of it ; and I guess no woman would a dared say she was equal to that in them days.

1876. Man's fancied superiority, I am happy to say, is giving way before woman's assertion of equal rights.

1776. Equal rights ! Why, I believe in that. I believe a woman has just as good a right to be a woman as a man has to be a man. I believe a woman has just as much right to mind her Bible and obey her husband, as he has to mind his and honor her. I don't see what more you want.

1876. More ! Pretty equal rights that would be ! But with your old-fashioned notions you cannot be expected to understand the strides of an age that has "progress" written on its banners, and claims for woman just the same privileges it does for man.

1776. Oh! that's what it means, is it? I saw an old flag, as I came along, with "Woman's Rights" and "Woman's Votes" on it, but I thought it was some new kind of riffin' they had to sell. I didn't s'pose it meant womankind votin'.

1876. Well, it did mean just that. If a woman hasn't as good a right to vote as a man, I'd like to know the reason.

1776. Should you, dear? I'm sorry I can't tell you ; but this 'ere progress is gettin' too much for my head, altogether. I dunno any reason 'cept it would take an awful time to git through votin' when 'lection day comes.

1876. I don't know why it should.

1776. Why, you see, a woman would want her say first—'twouldn't be havin' her rights if she didn't—so *he* would have to stay at home and take care of things, while *she* went to the poll's. Then he would just run into the neighbors for a minit—

that's half a day, you know. When his wife comes home and *his* turn comes, he would go to argufyin' about the nashunal debt, and that would be sure to take another half a day. Then Bridget would be goin' on like old Ireland, 'cause she's got to wait till next day for her chance. Why, there would be no kalkerlatin' when they ever would get through votin'.

1876. There is no need of worrying about that. Of course there will be some improved method of casting votes devised, when the ladies take hold of it.

1776. I s'pose so. Some patent fixin', like enough runnin' round pickin' up votes by steam. It won't have my breath to take away, though.

1876. Oh! you belong to a slow age! How glad I am I didn't live in 1776!

1776. Bless you, dear! I hope you'll enjoy your rights. What a mercy it is I wasn't born in 1876.

1876 makes a new-style bow, and 1776 an old-fashioned courtesy.

CURTAIN.

A recitation by ———, entitled "The Song of 1876." A Festival Poem written for the German Centennial Singers' Union of New York, by Bayard Taylor.

Waken, voice of the Land's Devotion!

Spirit of freedom, awaken all!

Ring, ye shores, to the Song of the Ocean,

Rivers answer, and mountains call!

The golden day has come,

Let every tongue be dumb,

That sounded its malice or murmured its fears;

She hath won her story,

She wears her glory,

We crown her the Land of a Hundred Years!

Out of darkness, and toil, and danger,

Into the light of Victory's day,

Help to the weak, and home to the stranger,

Freedom to all, she held her way.

Now Europe's orphans rest
 Upon her mother-breast :
 The voices of Nations are heard in the cheers
 That shall cast upon her
 New love and honor ;
 And crown her the Queen of a Hundred Years !
 North and South, we meet as brothers ;
 East and West, we are wedded as one !
 Right of each shall secure our mothers ;
 Child of each is her faithful son !
 We give Thee heart and hand,
 Our glorious native Land.
 For battle has tried thee, and time endears ;
 We will write thy story,
 And keep thy glory
 As pure as of old for a Thousand Years !

During the above recitation, preparations should be made for the next performance.

We now call your attention to a tableau, with music, entitled " Woman's Work, One Hundred Years Ago."

This piece has been found to give much satisfaction. On the stage should be arranged a linen wheel, woolen wheel, quill wheel and swifts, reel, skarn, cards, hatchel and as many other such old-fashioned machines as can be collected ; at which should be seated a number of young ladies, dressed in the costumes of the women of one hundred years ago, who should be industriously working these machines, the use of which can easily be learned, and at the same time one or all should sing the following song :

Music from the " Juvenile Singing Book." published in 1844.

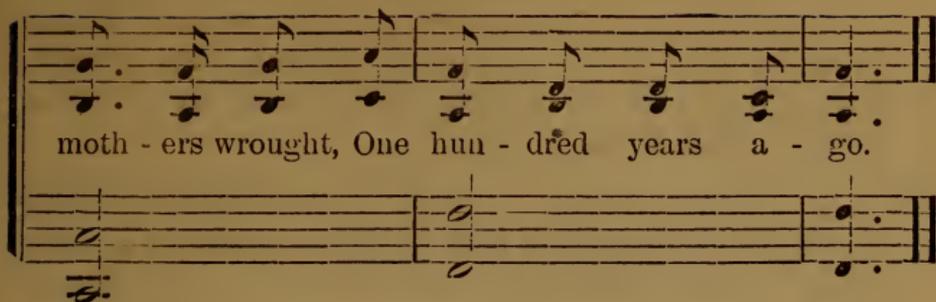
1. Our oth - er friends have told you how Our

fa - thers worked and fought, And we have come to

show you now, The work our moth-ers wrought; One

hun - dred years a - go, my friends, One

hun - dred years a - go; We'll show the work our



They pulled the flax and when decayed
 They hatcheded it, just so ;
 They washed the wool, the rolls they made,
 As we are making now.
 One hundred years ago, my friends,
 One hundred years ago,
 They carded wool and hatcheded flax,
 One hundred years ago.

From morn till night, they spun the wool
 Upon just such a wheel ;
 And when the spindle's shaft was full,
 They wound it on a reel.
 One hundred years ago, my friends,
 One hundred years ago,
 They spun and wove and made their cloth,
 One hundred years ago.

The attention of the audience is now invited to eight scenes from a historical drama. Between the fifth and sixth scenes there will be a song entitled "The Boston Tea-Party."

These scenes were selected from a long historical drama, published many years since ; the name of the author being unknown to the compiler. The whole drama could not well be acted. Many changes have been made in the parts selected. No announcements should be made between the scenes or before the song.

CHARACTERS.—GEORGE, JAMES, BOYS, SENTINEL, *with musket*, GEN. GAGE, AIDE, SERGEANT *and* SOLDIERS, CAPTAIN JUMPER, MAJOR PITCAIRN, MR. BAKER, MRS. BAKER, MARY, TRIFY, JOSHUA, LEVI, MRS. NILES, SALLY, MRS. BROWN, MRS. HILL.

SCENE I.—*Boston Common. A crowd of boys dressed in winter clothing, with skates over their shoulders, assembled near the skating pond, which may be represented on the flat at back of stage.*

George. Here it is again, boys. The ice is all broken in by the red-coats. We shall have no fun to-day.

James. I wish we were not boys. If I were big enough to carry a sword and a musket, I would drive 'em out of the land fast enough.

George. And what if we *are* boys? I, for one, have no mind to bear this treatment any longer.

All. Right, George, right!

James. But what can we do, boys?

George. I'll tell you. Form a line of march, and with drum and fife and colors, wait upon Gen. Gage, at his tent, and tell him we will not be insulted by British soldiers, or any other soldiers.

All. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! (*they go off. A short pause and then they shout again, outside*) Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

SCENE II.—*Gen. Gage's Headquarters. A sentinel pacing the platform with a musket over his shoulder. Noise of fife and drum at distance.*

Sentinel. What in the name of wonder can that be? Are they up in arms again in this rascally town? A troop of boys, as I live, with an Indian painted on their flag, and no sign of the English Cross! Oh! the land is full of rebellion. It is full of it, and running over. (*the boys enter, halt, and GEORGE approaches the sentinel, carrying the standard in his hand, and makes a military salute. The boys should be taught to do all this in military style.*)

George. Is Gen. Gage at home ?

Sentinel. Who are you ?

George. We are Boston boys, sir.

Sentinel. What do you want here ?

George. We come for our rights ; and we wish to speak to the British general.

Sentinel. The British general has better business than listening to a parcel of ragamuffin little rebels. I shall do none of your messages.

George. As you please, sir ; but here we wait till we see Gen. Gage. We *will* see him, and he *shall* do us justice.

All. Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Sentinel. That, you little rascals, would be to hang you and your cowardly countrymen. I suppose you are making all this fuss about that little dirty pond on the Common, that don't, at the best, ho'd water enough to fill a sizable Dutch milk-pan.

All. Cowards, do you call us ? Say it again if you dare !
(*GEN. GAGE and one of his aides enter from the opposite door.*)

Gen. Gage. What is the matter here ? Why is this disturbance ? (*the boys advance and make the military salute.*)

George. Gen. Gage, we come to complain of the insults and outrages of your soldiers. They break our kite strings, ruin our skating pond, and steal our drums from us. We have spoken more than once, to no purpose, and now we have come to say, that we cannot, and we will not endure it any longer.

Gen. Gage (aside to his aide). Good heavens ! liberty is in the very air, and the boys breathe it. (*to the boys*) Go, my brave lads ; you have the word of Gen. Gage that your sports shall never be disturbed again, without punishment to the offender. Does that satisfy you ?

George. Yes, Gen. Gage, and in the name of my country I present you thanks.

Gen. Gage. No thanks ; you are brave boys, you are English boys ; I see plainly, you are English boys.

All. No, sir, Yankees—Yankees—Yankee boys, sir. Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! (*the drums strike up and the little band march off with flying colors.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—*An old-fashioned kitchen in MR. BAKER'S farm-house in Lexington. MRS. BAKER and her two daughters, MARY and TRIFY, picking over foxberry leaves. Any small green leaves will answer the purpose. The mother and her daughters should be dressed in the costume of a hundred years ago. If preferred, the old-fashioned expressions used in these scenes can be modernized.*

Mary. Mother, what do we have to drink foxberry tea all the time for? We haven't had any boughten tea this great while.

Mrs. Baker. Why, Mary, England is trying to make the people of the colonies pay a part of her debts. For this reason, Parliament has put a tax on boughten tea, and the committee down to Boston say we mustn't buy any more till the tax is took off again. You must ask your father to explain it more fully to you, this evening.

Mary. Well, won't the committee let us drink anything but foxberry? I'm tired to death of foxberry; we hain't had anything else to drink all winter.

Mrs. B. Why, yes, child, the committee will let us drink anything we can make or pick up, except boughten tea; *that* the Parliament has put a tax on. If we buy an ounce of boughten tea, we shall be liable to be published in the papers as traitors to our country.

Mary. Mother, what does it all mean about traitors to our country? When I was coming home from the woods this afternoon, bringing these foxberry leaves, Mr. Jones sot on his horse by the side of the road talking with Mr. Brown. He said he had just come home from Boston, and there was more trouble down there. He said we had more to fear from traitors among ourselves than we had from anything Parliament can do. What does it all mean about traitors?

Mrs. B. Well, child, Parliament is determined to make the people of these colonies pay a part of England's debts. They claim the *right* to tax us just as they choose. Now most of the great and good men of our country declare that England

has no right to tax us ; but there are a few persons who do not seem to care for the best good of these colonies, and therefore they take sides with Parliament. Such men are called *traitors*. I wish you'd see if the tea-kettle boils. (MARY *steps to one side a moment and then returns.*)

Mary. The *foxberry* kettle is boiling ; you know there is no such thing as a *tea* kettle now days.

Mrs. B. Well, then, you just step to the door and see if your father is coming. (MARY *goes to the door.*)

Mary. He is just coming over the hill.

Mrs. B. Well, then, blow the horn (*or conch-shell as the case may be*) for Joshua and Levi to come in from the field, so we can all have supper together. (MARY *takes down a tin horn, or a conch-shell, which hangs near the door, and blows it as long and loud'y as possible*) There, there, Mary ; do, for pity sake, save some of your breath ; it may be wanted another time. We don't want to call the whole neighborhood together, and one half that noise is enough to call the boys home.

Mary (hanging up horn). I want 'em to come quick, so as to get here as soon as father does.

Mrs. B. Now put on your sun-bonnet, Trify, and run over to Mr. Niles' and get the newspaper they borrowed this morning, for your father will want to read it after supper.

Trify. Yes, ma'am,

Enter MR. BAKER, JOSHUA and LEVI, with hoes over their shoulders and their sleeves rolled up.

Mrs. B. Well, Mr. Baker, what is the news in Boston ?

Mr. Baker. Bad news, bad news enough. You must make much of your *foxberry* leaves, for it'll be a long time, I guess, before we shall have anything to do with India tea again.

Mrs. B. Why, what *has* happened ? Is there any bad news from home ?

Mr. B. Don't call England *home* any longer. She *was* the home of our fathers and mothers, but she is no longer worthy of that title.

Mrs. B. Why, what *is* the matter, Mr. Baker ?

Mr. B. Parliament is trying to make the people of these colonies to become hewers of wood and drawers of water to support the English in their idleness at home. But let them go on, let them try their worst ; they'll find out before they get through that the people of these colonies were not made to be slaves.

Mrs. B. Why, what is it, husband ? Do let us know the worst of it.

Mr. B. They have passed an act to shut up the harbor of Boston, and stop all vessels from going in or out there to trade. The first day of next month the harbor is to be closed.

Mrs. B. Oh, that will make dreadful work. How will the people live ?

Mr. B. Live ? they can't live ; it'll be the same as shutting them up to starve to death. They can't live there if their trade is stopped. They must all suffer and die in a heap, or leave the place. Some of them are for giving right up, and letting Parliament have their own way, if they'll only let their trade go on. But most of them say *no*—they'll *die* first.

Joshua. Well, I hope they'll stick to that ; I do. I hope they'll resist the act of Parliament to the bat's end. I'm ready, for one, to go and help 'em fight it out.

TRIFY enters in haste.

Trify. Oh, mother, Mr. Niles has just come home and he says Boston is all in an uproar. He is going right back in the morning, and Miss Niles says she shall be awful lonesome. She wants you to come over to morrow and spend the afternoon with her. Here's the paper.

Mrs. B. Well, I guess I shan't go.

Mr. B. Why not ? You always used to be very fond of going to see Miss Niles. What's turned up now ?

Mrs. B. Well, nothing that I care to speak of, only I don't feel as if I cared much about seeing her. (MR. BAKER casts a scrutinizing glance at TRIFY, and then again at his wife.)

Mr. B. Well, now, mother, I know something has happened, just as well as can be, and I insist upon knowing what's broke out between you and Miss Niles.

Mrs. B. It is nothing at all in the world, only I strongly suspect Miss Niles drinks boughten tea ; and if I knew she did, I'd never set my foot inside her house again.

Mr. B. Oh, if that's the case, it's so much the stronger reason why you ought to go and see her, and find out the truth about it. If it's a fact that she drinks India tea, it is our duty to report her to the committee, and let them make an example of her. But what makes you think she drinks boughten tea ?

Mrs. B. Why, the last two times I was there, I smelt boughten tea, if ever I smelt it in my life. They was just done supper ; and says I, Miss Niles, what do you drink for tea now ? She colored a little, and says she, some of us drink sage, and some of us drink foxberry ; but I could smell the boughten tea then, and it made me long for it so much I could scarcely sit in my chair.

Mr. B. Well, you could hardly hang a person upon such evidence as that. Your imagination might done one-half.

Mrs. B. It's no such thing, Mr. Barker. You can't deceive me in the smell of boughten tea ; I love it too well for that. I have even better evidence than that, if I choose to give it. Last week, when Parson Brown and his wife spent the afternoon here, I sent over to Miss Niles' and borrowed her block-tin teapot, because mine was broken. When I came to rinse it out, if you'll believe it, I found in it a fair leaf of India tea ! Trify saw it, too, so you see I have plenty of evidence.

Mr. B. Could you take an oath, Trify, that it was India tea ?

Trify. Yes, sir ; I know 'twas, for I smelt it and tasted it, too.

Mrs. B. I didn't feel just right, then, but Miss Niles has always been a good neighbor and I like her right well, so I thought I'd wait a while and say nothing ; but now, when I hear such bad news, I can't help feeling that every traitor, even though she be a woman, ought to be reported to the committee.

Mr. B. That's right ; now you talk like a Baker. There's true patriotism for you. Now, I'd be sure and go over and

spend the afternoon with Miss Niles, and see if you can find out the truth about the matter. Take Miss Brown and Miss Hill with you, for you must have evidence of the fact. Now, let's eat supper, for I am very tired and I must be off early in the morning.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.—*Kitchen of MR. NILES' farm house in Lexington.*

MR. NILES' daughter SALLY is arranging dishes on the shelf or dresser. There is a knock at the door, which is answered by SALLY.

Enter MRS. BAKER, MRS. BROWN and MRS. HILL.

Sally. Good afternoon, ladies ; walk in, if you please.

Mrs. B. Well, Sally, how do you do ? Is your ma at home ?

Sally. Yes, ma'am ; she's only just gone to the barn for some eggs. Take seats, and I'll go and call her. (*SALLY leaves the room.* *The ladies take a survey of the kitchen.* *There are dishes and other articles standing on the shelf.* *MRS. BAKER goes to the dresser, takes down the block-tin teapot, opens it, looks into it, smells of it, and tips it up to see if she can drain any tea out of it. She then looks into it again more scrutinizingly than at first, and finally puts in one of her fingers and draws out two or three tea leaves. She beckons to MRS. BROWN and MRS. HILL, who both go to the shelf, MRS. BAKER shows them the leaves and asks them to smell of the teapot. They all express, by their looks, great astonishment, and raise their hands in horror. MRS. BAKER takes the leaves and ties them in the corner of her handkerchief. Just here, there is a noise, and the ladies hurry back, on tiptoe, to their seats.*

Enter MRS. NILES.

Mrs. Niles. Well, Miss Baker, I'm dreadful glad to see you, and you, too, ladies. Take your things right off. (*MRS. NILES takes the things and hangs them on nails in the room, talking as she does so*) You don't know how lonesome this news from Boston makes me feel. Mr. Niles went away about sunrise, and this day has seemed a week long. These are dreadful times,

Miss Baker, ain't they? What do you think will become of us? (*the woman take out their knitting and begin to work.*)

Mrs. B. I don't know, Mrs. Niles, we are in an awful situation; but I'm afraid things will be worse before they are better. I don't think the colonies will ever give up to Parliament, and let them tax us and make slaves of us just as they are a mind to; and I hope they never will give up, let what will come. For my part, I had rather wear home-made gowns and drink foxberry tea as long as I live, than to have my children brought under the yoke of bondage to Parliament.

Mrs. Brown. I think just so, too, Mrs. Baker.

Mrs. Hill. And so do I. Give me foxberry tea and home made gowns, and a free country. What do you say, Miss Niles?

Mrs. N. Wall, as for home-made gowns, I had just as lief wear 'em as not, or anything else the committee chooses to tell me to wear; but I must confess, it is a dreadful trial for me to do without tea. There is such a comfort in a good strong dish of shushong, that I do really wish the committee would take off the restriction on it. (*the ladies cast significant glances at each other.*)

Mrs. H. To be sure there's a good deal of comfort in a good strong dish of shushong; but I wouldn't commit such a sin as to drink it for the sake of a little comfort.

Mrs. N. Wall, if you'll excuse me, ladies, I'll look after my supper a little. (*Mrs. NILES leaves the room.*)

Mrs. H. There, ain't she guilty? Didn't you see how she colored? Such a hankerin' as that, after tea, can't be innocent, I know. Oh, she's jest as guilty as she can be! It's jest what I feared of Miss Niles.

Mrs. B. Well, I'm sorry that one of our neighbors, that I have always thought well of, should be so disgraced. But we must do our duty, let what will come.

Mrs. H. Oh! certainly, certainly, without favor or affection.

CURTAIN.

SCENE V.—*The table is set for tea. There are very old-fashioned dishes. On the table are cheese, butter, biscuit, etc.*

Mrs. N. Come, ladies, supper is all ready. Take your seats to the table. (*each lady takes her own chair and brings it to the table*) Come, set right down. (*MRS. NILES passes the biscuit*) Now help yourselves, and make yourselves to home, won't you? (*they help themselves to butter and cheese. MRS. NILES, in the meantime, pours out a cup of tea and passes to each.*)

Mrs. Brown (*she divides a biscuit and begins to eat it*). Well, there, Miss Niles, how is it you make your biscuit so nice? It seems to me they are the nicest I ever saw.

Mrs. H. They are beautiful, perfectly beautiful. Miss Niles always has the best of everything.

Mrs. B. (*she helps herself again to butter*). Well, I'll say that for Miss Niles, she has the best butter and cheese of anybody in the neighborhood.

Mrs. N. Now, come, ladies, less compliments and more eating. Take hold and help yourselves, won't you? (*while MRS. BAKER and MRS. NILES are speaking, MRS. BROWN and MRS. HILL have taken one or two drinks of tea. MRS. BAKER now raises her cup halfway to her mouth, when she suddenly stops, looks at it for a moment, and returns it to the table. MRS. BROWN and MRS. HILL each take another drink, deeper and more scrutinizingly than the others.*)

Mrs. Brown. Why, this isn't foxberry, nor sage neither, if I've got any taste.

Mrs. H. Well, so it seems to me. (*MRS. HILL and MRS. BROWN drain their cups.*)

Mrs. Brown. Now, Miss Niles, you haven't been giving us boughten tea, have you?

Mrs. Boker. I shouldn't think you would need to ask after drinking a whole cupful. For my part, I could tell it clear across the room by the smell.

Mrs. N. Well, to tell the truth, it is as good a dish of shu-shong as I could make. (*the ladies all push back their cups with an expression of horror.*)

Mrs. Brown. I shan't cross my conscience, Miss Niles, by drinking your boughten tea. I love my country too well for that, and have too much respect for the committee.

Mrs. N. Oh, now, Miss Brown, you might just as well be hung for an old sheep as for a lamb. You've drank one cup, now let me pour you out another.

Mrs. Brown. No, I shan't touch a drop of it.

Mrs. H. Nor I neither; I'd just as soon drink poison.

Mrs. B. Well, Miss Niles, I'm perfectly astonished, and I'm sorry for you, too. How do you dare to break over the rules of the committee in this way? You'll be published in the papers as a traitor to the cause of our country, just as sure as you are alive.

Mrs. N. (very calmly). I don't think so.

Mrs. B. Oh, you certainly will, there's no help for it.

Mrs. Brown. Yes, you certainly will, Miss Niles, you'll be published as a traitor.

Mrs. H. Oh, Miss Niles, you've ruined yourself! If nobody else complains of you, I shall feel it my duty to go to the committee myself about it.

Mrs. N. Wall, I'm not afraid of any trouble about it.

Mrs. B. Why not? I think it's high time you *was* afraid of it.

Mrs. N. Because I haven't broke any of the rules of the committee, not one of them. We had ten pounds of this tea in the house. I'm very much obliged to you, ladies, for coming here to teach me patriotism; but I should like to see the woman, or man either, who would go further, or suffer more than I would, for the good of my country. I would not only go without tea, when it would do any good, but without bread, too. Yes, I would live on one potato a day, and work day and night while my strength lasted, before I'd have the colonies give up to Parliament, and let 'em tax us, and take away just what they have a mind to from us.

Mrs. B. Well done, Miss Niles, how glad I be to hear you talk so! I am *so* glad you have not broken any of the rules of the committee.

Mrs. N. I've no idea of buying any more tea till our troubles with Parliament are settled, or till the committee takes off the restriction. But as we have this in the house, we may as well drink it once in a while, and take the comfort of it and give a cup to our friends when they come to see us, as to let it lie in the cupboard and lose its strength, and all be wasted. So, now ladies, just drink your tea and take the comfort of it. Come, Miss Hill, I know you like a good cup of tea, so just pass over your cup and let me fill it again.

Mrs. H. Thank you, Miss Niles, so I will gladly. I dearly love India tea, and that first cup just makes me hanker after some more. *(she passes over her cup.)*

Mrs. N. Now, Miss Brown, I know you'd like another cup of tea, so just pass over your cup.

Mrs. Brown. You are right, Mrs. Niles; I never refuse boughten tea when I can drink it lawfully. *(she passes her cup. The ladies continue to eat and drink.)*

Mrs. B. This is a delicious cup of tea. I don't think I ever tasted a better cup in my life. Perhaps it is because I haven't drunk any for so long that makes it taste so good. Why, I don't feel as if I *could* be satisfied. *(she drains the last drop from her cup.)*

Mrs. N. Wall, now, Miss Baker, there's plenty of tea, and I *do* hope you'll drink all you want. Pass your cup right over. *(MRS. BAKER passes her cup.)*

Mrs. B. You don't know what a treat this is, Miss Niles.

Mrs. H. This tea is perfectly delightful. I don't know when I've tasted anything so good. Miss Niles, excuse me for taking another cup. *(passes her cup.)*

Mrs. N. Oh, no excuse; I hope you'll take half a dozen yet.

Mrs. H. Well, I could take a dozen, I really believe.

Mrs. Brown. So could I; but we mustn't wear our welcome out, nor drink it up, for I shall want to come again before long and get another cup of Miss Niles' good shushong.

Mrs. N. Wall, I hope you will, all of you. I shall be glad to make a cup of tea for you at any time. If you hear any-

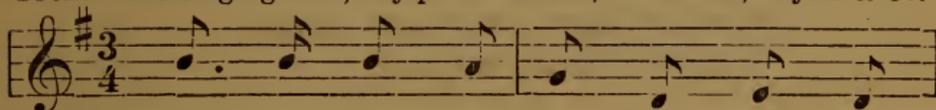
thing from Boston, Miss Baker, be sure and let me know; won't you?

Mrs. B. Yes, certainly, and you must do the same.

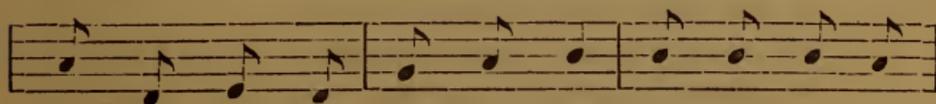
CURTAIN.

If possible, the audience should not be compelled to wait at all between any of the scenes. Between these scenes, while the stage is being cleared, etc., a little boy or girl, or a class of either should pass in front of the curtain and sing "The Boston Tea-Party Song." This song need not be announced, unless it is preferred to do so.

From "The Singing Bird," by per. of Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.



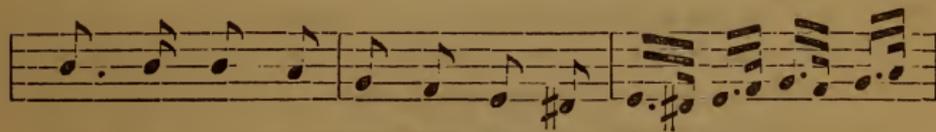
1. Near the beautiful Bos - ton, ly - ing



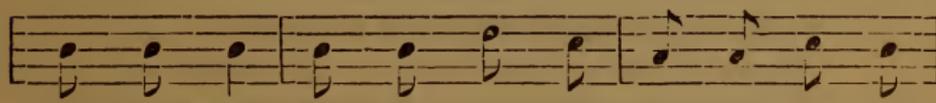
On the gen - tle swell - ing flood, With - out Jack or



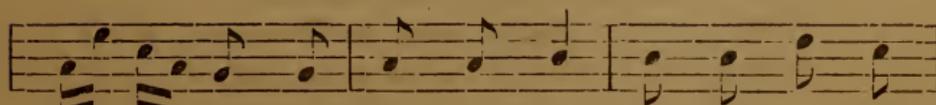
pen - nant fly - ing, The ill - fa - ted tea - ship stood;



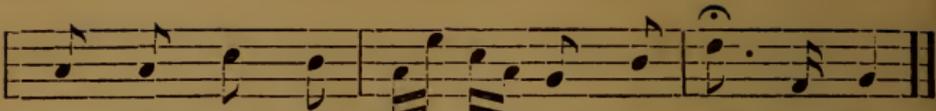
Just as glorious Sol was set - ting, On the wharf a



numerous crew, Sons of free - dom fear for - get - ting,



Sud - den - ly appeared in view; Sons of free - dom,



fear for - get - ting, Sud - den - ly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axes, chisels,
 Weapons new for warlike deeds,
 Towards the herbage-freighted vessel
 They approached with dreadful speed.
 O'er their heads, aloft in mid-sky,
 Three bright angel forms were seen,
 This was Hampton, that was Sidney,
 With fair Liberty between;
 This was Hampton, that was Sidney,
 With fair Liberty between.

Soon, they cried, your foes you'll banish,
 Soon the triumph shall be won ;
 Scarce did setting Phœbus vanish,
 Ere the deathless deed was done.
 Quick as thought the ship was boarded,
 Hatches burst, and chests displayed,
 Axes, hammers, help afforded,
 What a glorious crash they made !
 Axes, hammers, help afforded,
 What a glorious crash they made !

Quick into the deep descended
 That foul weed of China's coast ;
 Thus at once our fears were ended ;
 Freeman's rights will ne'er be lost.
 Captains, once more hoist your streamers,
 Spread your sails, and plough the wave,
 Tell your masters they were dreamers,
 When they thought to cheat the brave ;
 Tell your masters they were dreamers,
 When they thought to cheat the brave.

SCENE VI.—*Interior of GEN. GAGE'S headquarters in Boston.*
 GEN. GAGE is pacing the room with a restless air.

Enter MAJOR PITCAIRN.

Gen. Gage. Well, Major Pitcairn, how beats the public pulse? Are these rebels going to show their teeth at us?

Pitcairn. Well, Gen. Gage, I hardly know what to expect. There's a surly spirit among them that augurs anything but good.

Gen. Gage. What's all this bustle about a town meeting to-day? Do you know what sort of a meeting they have had, and what they have done?

Pit. Yes, I went in and watched their movements awhile. They had a very large meeting, and they seemed to be very stiff-necked, I assure you.

Gen. Gage. Stiff-necked, are they? They must mind what they are about, or I'll give some of them limber necks before long; they may depend upon that. But what did they do?

Pit. They passed a resolve, "that the impolicy, injustice, inhumanity, and cruelty of the Boston Port Bill exceed all their powers of expression, and therefore they leave it to the censure of others, and appeal to God and the world."

Gen. Gage. Well, they may appeal as much as they choose, but they've got to toe the mark, and walk straight; and if they lift a finger against the port bill or any other act of Parliament, I'll teach them what it is to have a master. Did they do anything else?

Pit. They also passed a resolution that the colonies ought to "stop all importations from, and exportations to Great Britain, which would prove the salvation of North America and her liberties."

Gen. Gage. That is what we have the most reason to fear; a concert of action among the colonies in their rebellious movements. If they unite in their operations, it will give us some trouble to put them down. We must guard against that by every means in our power; and we must try to sow discord and rivalry among the people of this province. Get them to

quarreling among themselves ; that's the way to use them up.

Pit. But, Gen. Gage, how can we do this ? There seems to be a general spirit of union among them, as far as I can learn.

Gen. Gage. By transferring the trade of Boston to Salem, Marblehead, and other towns, we shall be likely to buy over the good will of those towns, and create rivalry and animosity between them and Boston. Even in Boston, we must try, by some means, to bring over some of their leaders to our side. If we can do that, the whole thing will float away at once, and we shall have no more trouble.

CURTAIN.

SCENE VII.—*Headquarters of GEN. GAGE. The general writing at a table. MAJOR PITCAIRN reading. Sound outside of some one singing " Yankee Doodle." The music seems to come nearer and nearer, but the singer does not come in sight. The words seem to attract the attention of MAJOR PITCAIRN first, but finally GEN. GAGE throws down his pen and strides the room in anger. Some of the verses might be omitted if it was thought best.*

To these old woods, long years ago,
 A brawny youth came over,
 And cleared him up a clever farm,
 And sowed it down to clover.

Yankeedoodle, keep it up, etc.

This youth—some called him Jonathan—
 He came from o'er the sea, sir ;
 His Uncle George an Island owned,
 And a rich old man was he, sir.

Yankeedoodle, keep it up, etc.

Now Jonathan picked up his crumbs,
 And prospering in his labors,
 Bid fair to make as smart a man
 As any of his neighbors.

Yankeedoodle, keep it up, etc.

His farm was rich, and long enough,
 And wide enough to boot, sir ;
 His sons had land enough to till,
 And room enough to shoot, sir.
 Yankeedoodle, keep it up, etc.

He kept his sheep in pastures wide,
 His cows in pastures wider,
 His orchards made a master sight
 Of apple-sass and cider.
 Yankeedoodle, keep it up, etc

When Uncle George beheld his thrift,
 He swore it was no sin, sir,
 To rob of half his earnings, one
 That was so near akin, sir.
 Yankeedoodle, keep 't up, etc.

And so he left his island home,
 And cross'd the mighty water,
 To rob the farm of Jonathan,
 Which, sure, he hadn't ought to.
 Yankeedoodle, keep it up, etc.

But Jonathan, he called his boys,
 Who mustered thick as hops, sir,
 And shook their fists at Uncle Bull,
 And slapped the old man's chops, sir.
 Yankeedoodle, keep it up, etc.

Gen. Gage (very angry). I tell you, Major Pitcairn, we've got to deal vigorously with these rebels. Half way measures will not do ; they are becoming extremely audacious. Confound these Yankees, they are all alike.

Pit. I agree with your Excellency, entirely ; and the sooner a tight rein is drawn over them, in my opinion, the better. (*Sound of shouting outside in the distance and a great noise in the street, which gradually approaches nearer and nearer.* PITCAIRN goes to the door and looks out.)

Pit. Hullo, here's a disturbance in the street. Here comes some of our soldiers bringing a prisoner.

Gen. Gage. What's the matter now, I wonder.

Enter a sergeant and four soldiers, in red coats, bringing in a Marblehead fisherman, two holding each arm. The man is still struggling and fighting.

Sergeant. *Gen. Gage,* here's a fellow we have taken for attempting to evade the port bill, and for assaulting his Majesty's soldiers when on duty. What shall be done with him?

Fisherman. It's a lie. I didn't 'sault the sojers; they 'saulted me.

Gen. Gage. Come, fellow, none of this rudeness.

Fisherman (*gives a wolfish look at GEN. GAGE*). I ain't a feller, sir.

Gen. Gage. Well, who are you? Give an account of yourself.

Fisherman. Who be I? You go down to Marblehead and ax the first person you see, and I guess you'll find out.

Gen. Gage. Come, come, fellow, this won't—

Fisherman. Didn't I tell ye I ain't a feller?

Gen. Gage. No matter what you are, you will be sent to prison immediately, unless you behave yourself with more propriety. Who are you? What is your name?

Fisherman. What's my name? Why Captain Jumper, or Skipper Jumper, which ever you mind to call it.

Gen. Gage. Captain Jumper? A captain? Captain of what, pray?

Fisherman. I'm Captain Jumper of the Two Pollies. You ax anybody in Marblehead if you want to know. If you don't believe them, ax any of the codfish along shore, or on the banks; they all know me from stem to starn.

Gen. Gage. Captain Jumper of the Two Pollies, are you? Well, who are the Two Pollies?

Fisherman. Ha! ha! you must be a green one! Don't you know the Two Pollies? Why, I tell ye, there ain't a codfish that swims this side the Grand Banks but what knows the Two Pollies just like a book.

Gen. Gage. Well, Captain Jumper, I don't swim this side the Grand Banks, so perhaps a codfish may know some things I do not. But who are the Two Pollies? I should like to know that.

Fisherman. I pity your ignorance; I'm blowed if I don't. Why, the Two Pollies is my fishing smack.

Gen. Gage. Oh, now I understand.

Fisherman. I should think you might understand.

Gen. Gage. Yes, I understand; the name of a fishing vessel, and you are the captain of her.

Fisherman. I guess I ain't nothing else.

Gen. Gage. Well, Captain Jumper, where do you belong?

Fisherman. Where do I belong? I belong to the Two Pollies.

Gen. Gage. Exactly so; but where do you hail from?

Fisherman. Where do I hail from? I hail from all along shore, and sometimes clear to the Grand Banks.

Gen. Gage. Come, Captain Jumper, this will not do. You must give me a direct answer. I want to know where you belong?

Fisherman. Didn't I tell you I belonged to the Two Pollies?

Gen. Gage. Well, then, where does the Two Pollies belong?

Fisherman. Oh, now you're on the land tack. Wall, the Two Pollies belongs to Marblehead, as anybody that can read may know, if they will jest go and look on her starn.

Gen. Gage. Are you a citizen of Marblehead when you are at home, or when the Two Pollies is at home?

Fisherman. I'm all that. You ax anybody down to Marblehead, and if they don't tell you so, I'll eat a haddock.

Gen. Gage. Well, Captain Jumper, I want to know how the people of Marblehead feel about the Boston Port Bill. It will be the making of the people of Marblehead. You have a great many wharves and warehouses there, haven't you?

Fisherman. Yes, we've got considerable many, and lots of room to build more.

Gen. Gage. Well, tell your people to go to work and build them up as fast as they can, for they will soon have use enough for them.

Fisherman. Yes, I guess they will, for the first thing they did after they heard of this pesky Boston Port Bill, was to call a town

meeting, and vote to give the use of their wharves and warehouses to the Boston merchants as long as Boston harbor is shet up, if it's to all etarnity.

Gen. Gage. Well, then, they are a set of blockheads. Why don't they build up a town for themselves, and take the trade that has been pouring into Boston with such a rich tide?

Fisherman. Well, now, General, you don't know the nater of a Marbleheader. If he sees his neighbor is down, it ain't his nater to go and give him a kick; but he runs and takes hold, and gives him a lift, and helps him up again. If you expect Marblehead to take advantage of Boston, while Boston is flat on its back, and this rascally port bill smothering her to death, I guess you'll find yourself as much mistaken as, as—as much mistaken as if you put your finger into the fire and pulled it out again.

Gen. Gage. Captain Jumper, I don't understand your comparison. I don't see as that would be any mistake at all.

Fisherman. What, to put your fingers in the fire, and then take them out again?

Gen. Gage. There would be no mistake in that.

Fisherman. I guess you'd find there would; a great mistake.

Gen. Gage. How so?

Fisherman. How so? Why,—you'd burn your fingers.

Gen. Gage. Well, that would be no *mistake*; I should know before I put my fingers in the fire, that the heat would buru them.

Fisherman. Wall, then, you must be a great fool to put your fingers in the fire, according to my notion.

Gen. Gage. Is the Two Pollies as sharp as you are, Captain Jumper?

Fisherman. Yes, she's a real pink, and sails like the wind. If I could only a got five minutes' start of your folks, they wouldn't a ketched me with all the craft they could a mustered.

Gen. Gage. Where does the Two Pollies lie?

Fisherman. Down to Hancock's wharf.

Gen. Gage. And you want to take her out to Marblehead?

Fisherman. Yes, there's where I was clearing for when these land lubbers of your'n came across my hawser, and brought me up all standin'.

Gen. Gage. But how came you to attempt to go out without a permit? You knew the port was closed.

Fisherman. I knew they said 'twas, but I knew it was a thunderin' lie; for I could see out between the islands as plain as ever I could. All I wanted was to get five minutes' start, and I'd a showed 'em the way out, according to my notion.

Gen. Gage. Well, Captain Jumper, suppose I give you a permit to take the Two Pollies out, do you promise to be a faithful and loyal subject to his Majesty?

Fisherman. Yes, sir; from clue to earring.

Gen. Gage. And to use your influence to make the people of Marblehead do their duty faithfully, like good subjects?

Fisherman. Yes, sir; I'll kick every man in Marblehead that don't do his duty. (*GEN. GAGE sits at desk and writes for a few moments, then rises with a paper in his hand.*)

Gen. Gage. Well, here's a permit. (*hands paper*) Now go and prove yourself worthy of the favor I have shown you, by doing your duty faithfully.

Fisherman. Yes, sir; thank ye, General; good-bye, General. (*the FISHERMAN steps towards the door and GEN. GAGE towards the desk. Suddenly the GENERAL turns quickly about and calls after the FISHERMAN.*)

Gen. Gage. Captain Jumper, Captain Jumper, wait a moment. (*the CAPTAIN turns about*) What is your idea of loyalty to his Majesty? What would you consider the first and highest duty of the people of Marblehead?

Fisherman. Their first and highest duty? Why, to fight ag'in this pesky Boston Port Bill till all is blue. (*he rushes towards door.*)

Gen. Gage. Soldiers, take the permit from him and stop his vessel. (*the soldiers spring upon CAPTAIN JUMPER, and a struggle ensues.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE VIII.—*The Headquarters of GEN. GAGE in Boston.
GEN. GAGE and MAJOR PITCAIRN seated.*

Gen. Gage. Well, Major Pitcairn, now I know where I am. I not only see land, but I can feel bottom; we are on soundings. Parliament has marked out my course, and backed me up with ample reinforcements. We will now straighten out affairs in this colony, in a way that will make these rebellious spirits quail.

Pit. Parliament has come strongly up to the mark, has it?

Gen. Gage. Yes, nobly. They not only adhere to the Boston Port Bill, but they have passed a more comprehensive one for restraining the trade of the New England colonies generally; and yet another bill for restraining the trade of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina; and, best of all, another bill for prohibiting the colonies from carrying on the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland. By this last measure, the New England colonies will be starved into obedience, if they can not be managed in any other way; for they depend on those fisheries for half their living.

Pit. That's good. Put your foot upon their necks. I can hear them squeal with a good will.

Gen. Gage. We have nothing to do now but to go ahead, assert the supremacy of Parliament, and put these vile rebels down at the point of the bayonet.

Pit. Good. My sword is impatient for the work. But, General, we have a force both moral and physical, to contend with here, which we may find it no small or easy matter to subdue. Has your Excellency forgotten how instantly thirty thousand men in the country flew to arms at the first flying report of a hostile movement in Boston?

Gen. Gage. Who cares for your thirty thousand bushwhackers? Five hundred of our regular troops would drive the whole drove of them back to the woods again, like a frightened flock of sheep.

Pit. And does your Excellency recollect that this rebel Provincial Congress has already provided for raising a regular army of fifteen thousand men, and that a fourth part of their militia, besides, is enrolled as minute men? Does your Excellency know

that they have at this moment a large quantity of military stores collected out here at the town of Concord?

Gen. Gage. Yes, I know all about this perfectly well, and it is to this last point that I am about to direct your special attention. Those military stores must be taken out of their hands before the hour of breakfast to-morrow. Our first blow shall be to take possession of the military stores at Concord. Take that sting out of the mouth of the serpent, and it will be fun to see him squirm.

Pit. Well, what is to be the order of the expedition, General? If it is to be accomplished this night, there is no time to be lost.

Gen. Gage. You will take the regiment of grenadiers and light infantry, under command of Col. Smith, and proceed at ten o'clock to the river, where a sufficient number of boats are already ordered to be in readiness to convey you across to Philip's farm, in Cambridge. A double watch is set all around the city, to prevent any one from escaping to give the alarm in the country. After landing on the other side, you will make a rapid march to Concord, and destroy every vestige of military stores and provisions there collected, except such as may be conveniently brought to town.

Pit. What if the ragamuffins attempt to resist or annoy us in any way?

Gen. Gage. Give them summary treatment, befitting *rebels* as they are.

Pit. That is all I want; I'll take care of the rest.

Gen. Gage. Now go and give the necessary orders, and have the regiment in readiness to start at ten o'clock this evening. This will be a clever before-breakfast job for you, and when you get back we will give you something else to do. I wish you to have a special eye to the defences of the town; they must be strengthened at every point. And see that the utmost care is taken by double guards to-night, to prevent any one from escaping into the country, lest the alarm may reach Concord before our troops arrive there. I will myself accompany you on some part of the round.

CURTAIN.

After the curtain has risen again, a young girl should pass on to the stage and, without announcement, recite "Paul Revere's Ride."

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;
 Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
 By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
 Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar,
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
 Wanders and watches with eager ears,
 Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
 And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And started the pigeons from their perch

On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—

By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,

Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still,
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!

He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet.
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of the nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed

Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead,
 Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
 How the British Regulars fired and fled;
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farm-yard wall;
 Chasing the red coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm,—
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!
 For borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The exercises of the evening will be concluded with a chorus by
 the entire school, entitled

LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

Allegro.

Arranged from WEBBE.

1. Land of our fa - thers, where - so - e'er we roam,

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Land of Our Fathers'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics '1. Land of our fa - thers, where - so - e'er we roam,' are written below the treble staff. The score is arranged from Webbe.

Sing we in har - mo - ny our na - tive land, Our

na - tive land, our na - tive land. Our

na - tive land, our na - tive land.

2. Though other climes may brighter hopes fulfill,
 Land of our birth, we ever love thee still!
 Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile band,
 Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land.
 All then inviting, hearts and voices joining,
 Sing we in harmony our native land.
 Our native land, our native land,
 Our native land, our native land.

Land of our birth, to us thou still art home;

Peace and pros-per - i - ty on thy sons at - tend,....

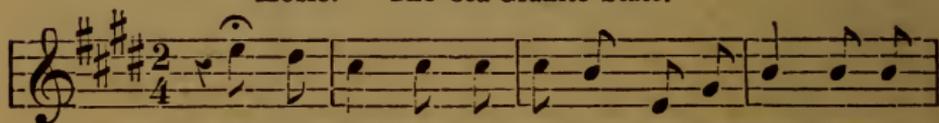
Down to pos-ter - i - ty their in - flu-ence de-scend.

All then in - vit - ing, hearts and voi - ces join - ing,

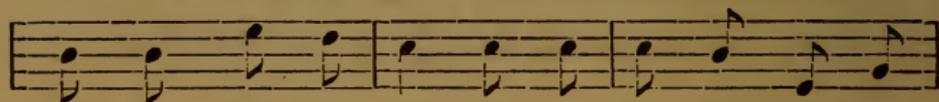
AN EXHIBITION FOR GENERAL OCCASIONS.

When the moment arrives for commencing the exercises, at a given signal, the whole school should rise and sing the following song:

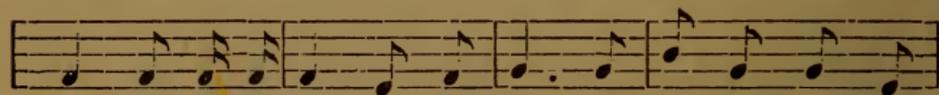
Music.—"The Old Granite State."



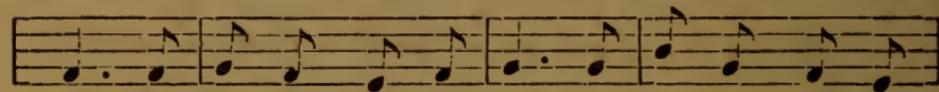
We have come now to greet you, We have come now to



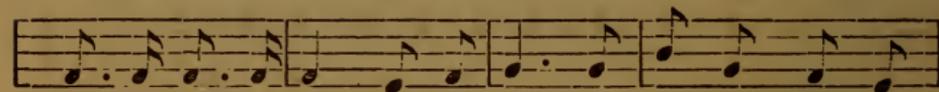
greet you, We have come now to greet you, On an -



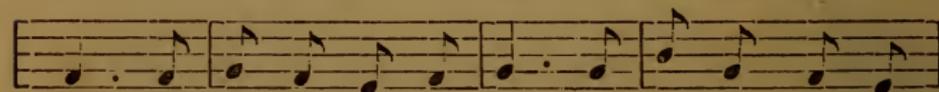
oth - er fes - tal night, We're a band of schol - ars, We're a



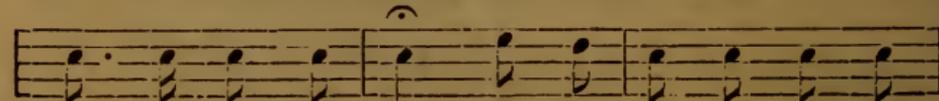
band of scho - lars, We're a band of schol - ars, And we



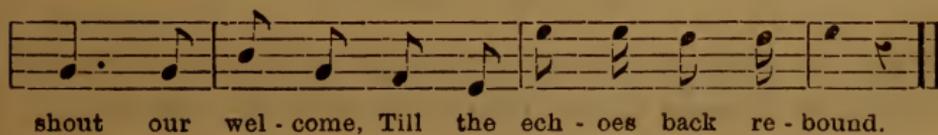
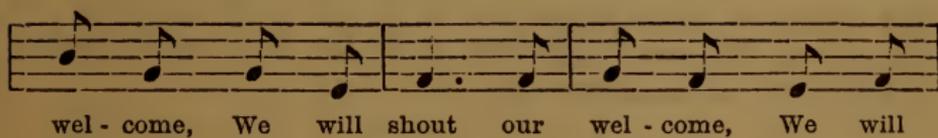
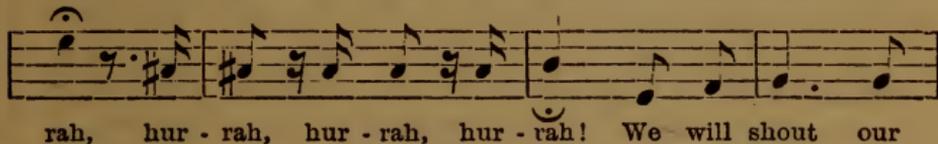
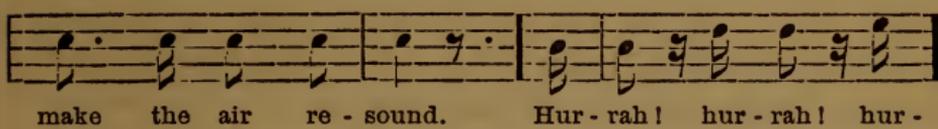
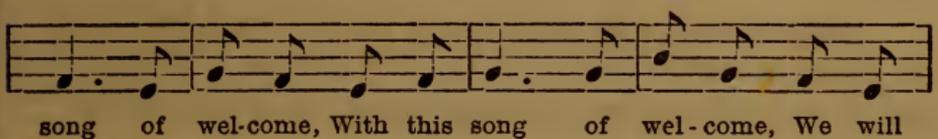
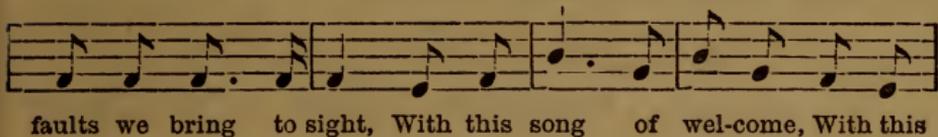
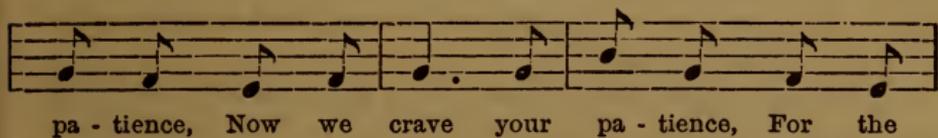
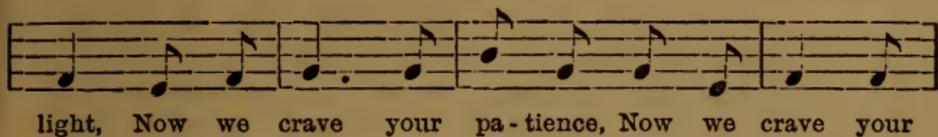
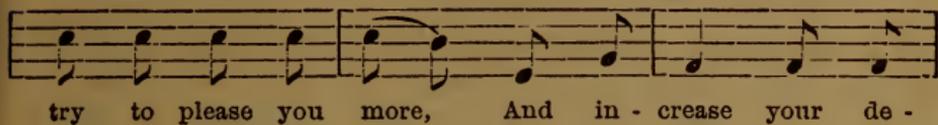
greet you with a will. With our best en - deav - ors, With our



best en - deav - ors, With our best en - deav - ors, We will



all our pro - gramme fill. We will speak our piec - es



ANNOUNCEMENT.—Your attention is invited to a declamation entitled

THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION,

[From Cathcart's "Youth's Speaker," by permission.]

Of all the experiences which we shall have in life, of all the blessings which it shall please Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which will breathe a purer fragrance, or which will bear a more heavenly aspect, than education. It will be a companion which no misfortunes can ever depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius.

Without education what is a man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of intelligence derived from God and the degradation of passions participated with brutes, shuddering at the terrors of a hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation. What is this wondrous world of his residence?

"A mighty maze, and all without a plan," a dark and desolate and dreary cavern, without wealth or ornament or order. But light up within it the torch of knowledge, and how wondrous the transition!

The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before the educated; its varieties regulated and its mysteries resolved.

The philosophy which bewilders, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education. If a man but follow its precepts purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but also open the very portals of Omnipotence for his admission.

We now invite the attention of this audience to a Dialogue illustrating the pleasure derived from the study of Entomology.

The stage should be fitted up to represent the interior of a railroad depot. A woman is waiting for the cars. An entomologist enters, and seating himself, addresses the woman.

Entomologist. Why, I supposed I should be late for the train. Will you be so good as to tell me, madam, when it is due?

Woman. It was due quarter of an hour since, but there has been an accident on the road, and the train is not expected for an hour or more.

Ento. Ah, indeed! Well that is rather hard on business men and women, but an entomologist can always find some amusement even while waiting for the cars. (*he takes out one of two willow baskets which he had placed under the seat when he came in*) Madam, in this basket I have quite a large number of insects, which I have just obtained to make out my collection. I will show them to you, if you wish, provided you will not allow any of them to escape.

Woman. Don't trouble yourself, I beseech you; I have no desire to see your collection of insects.

Ento. Oh! it is always a pleasure to show my insects. (*he takes out three or four boxes which he places between himself and the woman.*)

Woman. For pity's sake, sir, do show your curiosities to some one who can appreciate them! If there is anything I utterly abominate, it is insects.

Ento. Prejudice, prejudice, madam! Such feelings show that you were not properly educated when young. (*he holds up a box*) This box contains flies. There are eighteen hundred known species of the family Muscidæ. If you will just lend me a pin, madam, I will take out one of the common house-flies and let you examine it with a microscope.

Woman. You shan't have a pin for such a cruel purpose. What do you suppose I want to see a common house-fly for? Haven't I fought them all summer? Haven't the wretched things taken possession of every room in my house? Do put your box of flies away!

Ento. I am sorry to see a woman so prejudiced. Of course you would enjoy life much better if you only understood something

of the family of Muscidæ. Haven't you a pin about you? I have one or two specimens of the *plague-fly*, in which I think you may be more interested.

Woman. I thought *all* flies were *plague* flies. If you have any worse ones than those I have known, I am sure I don't want to see them. I told you once I would not lend you pins to torment even flies. (*he takes a pin from his coat, puts it into the box and finally brings out a fly on the point. He holds it up. A piece of black cloth will represent it very well.*)

Ento. During the prevalence of the yellow fever in Norfolk, Virginia, not long since, the *plague-fly*, as it is called, made its appearance there in large numbers. This specimen was taken from one of the infected houses, and I prize it highly. It is a flat insect, as you see. Do you notice its large wings?

Woman. How many times do you want me to tell you to take away those abominable flies? Don't you suppose we have sickness enough here, without your introducing the plague? If I thought that fly was not already dead, I would summon a policeman to take you in custody.

Ento. I am sorry you feel so, for I was just about to show you how they are supposed to carry the contagion. (*he lays down the box and takes up another*) Perhaps you will be more interested in this box of *Cimicidæ*, or *land bugs*. It is said the bugs sometimes found in sleeping apartments were unknown in England until after the great fire of London, in 1666, when it was introduced in the fir-timber imported for re-building the city. Madam, did you ever see a specimen of these bugs?

Woman. Sir, you are altogether too presuming for a stranger. It is none of your business whether I have ever seen them or not. I don't want to see any more, I can assure you, and, if you are a gentleman, you will keep your specimens of insects away from me. (*the man takes the basket from underneath the seat, replaces his box, and in the meantime some crabs escape, one of which bites the woman's foot. The crabs used must, of course, be dead ones, but, by a little practice, they can be made to appear as if alive.*)

Woman. Oh! dear! oh! dear! (*she looks down to her foot and perceives the crab*) Don't you see! Some of your crabs have

escaped from the basket, and one is biting my foot terribly! Take it off, can't you? I don't see much pleasure in insects. (*she tries to take the crab off her foot.*)

Ento. Insects! You, an intelligent woman, surely don't call crabs, insects? Why, they belong to the class *Crustacea*, the order *Mulacostraca*—

Woman. Well, I don't care what class crabs belong to, or what order either. Do you intend to sit still and let that crab eat up my foot? Oh dear!

Ento. Seems to me you are rather hasty in your speech, for a lady. (*he takes hold, and after some trouble removes the crab; and then picks up the others and puts them in the basket between himself and the woman. The woman is stooping over and holding on to her foot.*)

Woman. Place that basket somewhere else, if you please; I have had enough insects for the present. (*he places the basket on the other side of him.*)

Ento. I am sorry women cannot appreciate the pleasures of an entomologist. (*there is a silence of a few minutes. The woman takes out a paper and begins to read. The entomologist takes out his watch, and holds it with open case in his hands. In the meantime he watches the back of the woman's dress intently. After a while, the woman looks at the man inquiringly, as if to ask the explanation of his conduct.*)

Ento. Madam, I am something of an entomologist, and I have heard it remarked that a thousand-legged worm cannot travel over one inch per minute perpendicularly on silk. The one now, within two inches of the back of your neck, I don't think is even making that time.

Woman. Take it off! Take it off! (*she seizes her handkerchief and brushes the back of her dress frantically.*)

Ento. Pray keep quiet for just two or three minutes longer; the insect hardly moves. There, I regret to say, madam, you have destroyed a scientific test in which I took more than ordinary interest. (*he closes his watch with a sigh, leans back in his seat, but soon sits erect again and begins to watch the lady's hat very intently.*)

Woman. It was one of your contemptible insects that you have

allowed to escape, I presume. (*the man keeps his gaze fixed upon the woman's hat.*)

Ento. I trust, madam, you are not afraid of yellow jackets, known by entomologists as belonging to the family of hymenopterous insects?

Woman. Scare it away, quick!

Ento. Don't be alarmed; I think it is a male wasp, and you know they never sting. Perhaps I am mistaken, it may be a female.

Woman. Brush it off, will you? Quick! quick! (*she takes her handkerchief and thrashes her hat vehemently.*)

Ento. Gone! Another scientific pleasure lost! (*the man leans back in his seat with a very forlorn look. He sits still a minute or two, then suddenly looks beneath the seat and hastily taps the cover of the old willow basket he had placed there on his entrance. He finally draws it carefully out and places it on the seat between him and the woman. The latter looks at the basket suspiciously. Finally the man leans his head over the basket, and appears to be looking into the interior, through a small hole in the cover, occasioned by broken willows. He then picks up a piece of newspaper, and tears off a piece and begins to stop up a small hole in the cover with it*) Snakes sometimes crawl through very small holes. (*the woman springs to her feet, seizes her bundles, and rushes for the door.*)

Woman. Well, this is beyond all reason! You ought to be in the insane retreat! I won't wait for the train another minute. I would rather wait a week than ride in the cars with a man who is seeking pleasure from entomology!

CURTAIN.

During the foregoing dialogue, preparations should be made for

A TABLEAU—"THE PEDDLER."

This tableau is taken, by permission of the publisher, from a book entitled "Parlor Tableaux."

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

PEDDLER.—Long drab frock coat, gray pants and vest, white shirt, fancy necktie, slouch hat, boots.

FATHER.—Dark vest and pantaloons, white shirt, black necktie, slippers.

MOTHER.—Brown merino dress, white collar and cuffs, etc.

SISTER.—Drab or gray dress, white collar, apron, etc.

GRANDMOTHER.—Black dress, white cap and small shawl, dark apron, spectacles.

DAUGHTER.—Short blue dress, low neck and short sleeves, etc.

BOY.—Gray knickerbocker suit.

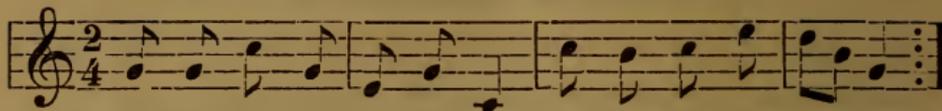
BABY.—White dress, red shoes, coral beads.

The above are the costumes given. Of course they can be varied to suit the occasion.

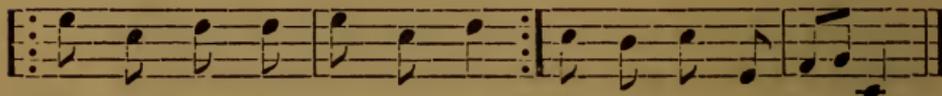
This scene represents a dry goods peddler showing his wares to the occupants of a country house. As convenient, the scene represents either the porch or interior of a house. To the right of centre stands the peddler with his hat raised, and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, while his pack of goods is on the floor in the centre, with the contents displayed for the approval of the family. The mother is kneeling down by the pack, and is examining the quality of a piece of goods she has in her hand. She is looking up into the peddler's face, as if inquiring the price. At back of her stands the grandmother, who is adjusting her spectacles previous to examining the goods. By her side stands the boy; he holds her dress, and is looking with half wonder at the peddler. At the back stands the father with his hand in his pocket and smoking a pipe, and is looking at his wife with a smiling face, as if laughing at her questions to the peddler. On the left stands the wife's sister; she has the baby in her arms, and is trying to attract its attention by pointing to the peddler's wares. On the right stands the daughter; she has her finger up to her mouth, and is looking with admiration at the peddler's goods.

In this, and many other tableaux, a quite a long time is required to show them. When the curtain rises, the following might be sung, by some one concealed at the right or left of the stage.

Music from "The Singing Bird," by permission.



Curious things are here for show, Of all sorts and pri - ces;



{ Dresses, shawls, kid gloves and thread, }
 { Rib - bons, la - ces, flow - ers red, } Just to suit this cri - sis.

CURTAIN.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The audience will now listen to a recitation by —, entitled

“LITTLE BROWN HANDS.”

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
 Up through the long shady lane,
 Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
 That are yellow with ripened grain.
 They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
 Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows ;
 They gather the earliest snowdrops,
 And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow ;
 They gather the elder-bloom white ;
 They find where the dusty grapes purple
 In the soft-tinted October light ;
 They know where the apples hang ripest,
 And are sweeter than Italy's wines ;
 They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
 On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
 And build tiny castles of sand ;
 They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
 Fairy barks that have drifted to land ;

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
 Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
 And at night-time are folded in slumber
 By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest ;
 The humble and poor become great ;
 And from the brown-handed children
 Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
 The pen of the author and statesman—
 The noble and wise of the land—
 The sword and chisel and palette
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

MARY H. KROUT.

CURTAIN.

A DECLAMATION BY A CLASS OF BOYS,
 IN CONCERT.

*A few appropriate gestures, executed simultaneously, will add
 much to the effect of this piece.*

Strikes are quite proper, only strike right ;
 Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight ;
 Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame ;
 Strike right and left, till you win a good name ;
 Strike for your freedom from all that is vile ;
 Strike off companions who often beguile ;
 Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the axe ;
 Strike off bad habits with burdensome tax ;
 Strike out unaided, depend on no other ;
 Strike without gloves, and your foolishness smother ;
 Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride ;
 Strike where 'tis best, but let Wisdom decide ;
 Strike a good blow while the iron is hot ;
 Strike, keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

A recitation by ———, entitled

"NAMING THE KITTENS."

A very little girl should be seated on the floor of the platform. She should be holding one kitten in her hands, and four others are lying in an old hat by her side. The old cat should have her paws in the girl's lap, as if watching her every motion.

I know Mrs. Kitty, your Pussies are pretty,

But don't be alarmed for all that.

I just want to count them, I surely won't hurt them ;

I'll put them right back in the hat.

I think, though, I'll name them, before I return them—

Don't act so afraid, Mrs. Cat—

This white one is Midget, I'm sure she's a fidget ;

This gray one is blind as a bat.

So he's Ebenezer, named from Mrs. Teaser's

Blind Eben', who can't see a bit.

This black one is Jetty ; dear me ! ain't he pretty ?

This maltese, I'll call him Tom-tit.

You foolish old Kitty, your five pussies pretty

Shall quickly be placed in the hat.

I'll call this one Daisy—you do act crazy—

I'll cover them, now, with the mat.

CURTAIN.

A TABLEAU—"THE GHOST STORY."

This tableau is taken, by permission of the publisher, from a book entitled "Parlor Tableaux."

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

READER.—Brown or purple merino dress, cut low in the neck, with short sleeves, a white apron, etc.

BOYS.—Brown Holland smock-frock, red necktie, gray pants, etc. Other boys dressed in various ways, as country boys generally are.

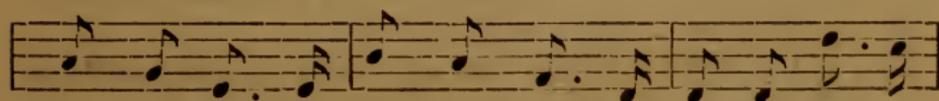
GIRLS.—Various colored dresses ; some with white aprons.

This laughable picture represents a group of boys and girls gathered together to read a story, which contains the history of a veritable ghost. They have chosen one of the largest girls to act as reader. The others are all listening with eager ears and marked attention, until one of them, thinking it would be a good joke to play the ghost and frighten them, has gone out unobserved, and borrowed a large white sheet, and throwing it over his head and letting it fall down and completely conceal his figure, he walks into the room, to the consternation and speechless terror of those who, looking that way, see him enter, while the reader and some of the others, with their backs towards the door, are intently listening. In the centre sits the reader with a large book in her lap, and resting on her knees—her body facing the audience, and her head bent down as if in the act of reading, with one finger pointing to the place in the book. On the right are two girls and a boy sitting on the floor; they have looked up and seen the ghost, their hands are raised, and their faces express terror. At back of them stands a boy who is very much terrified and about to fly. On the left of the reader are sitting two girls and a boy; they have their backs to the ghost and are listening attentively. At back of them stands a boy who has just seen the ghost—his hair wild and eyes starting out; his hands raised, and a general expression of terror on his face. In the front, on the extreme left, stands the ghost with his hand pointed at the group on the floor, who sit in a semi-circle fronting the audience.

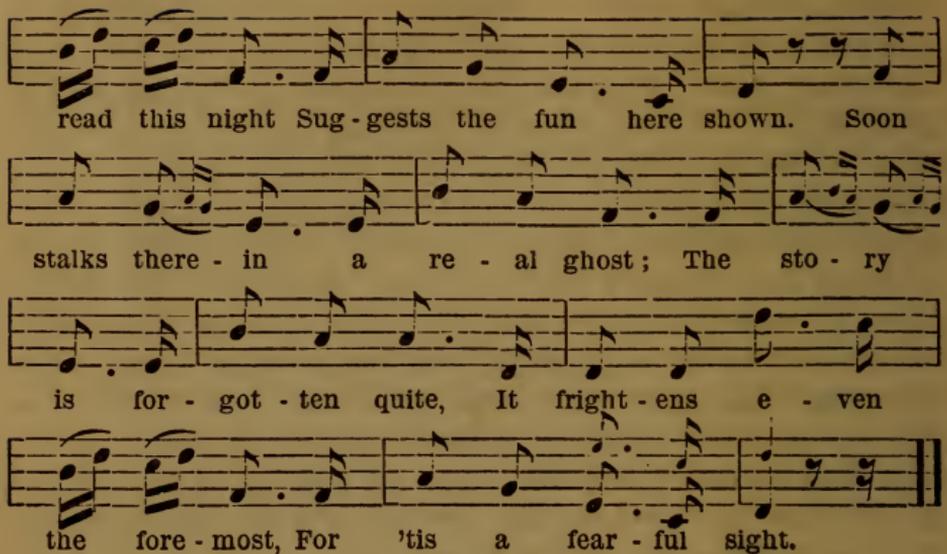
When the curtain rises, the following verse should be sung by some one at the right or left of the platform. Show the tableau but once.



'Tis mid - night hour: the moon shines bright, The



hour that ghosts claim as their own. The ghost - ly sto - ry



read this night Sug - gests the fun here shown. Soon
 stalks there - in a re - al ghost; The sto - ry
 is for - got - ten quite, It fright - ens e - ven
 the fore - most, For 'tis a fear - ful sight.

CURTAIN.

A DELINQUENT TAX-PAYER BRAVING THE WATER BOARD.—A DIALOGUE.

This scene is supposed to represent the office of the Water Commissioners. A large placard should be posted in a conspicuous place, on which should be printed in large letters, "OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF WATER COMMISSIONERS," and on the same, or a similar placard, "The water will be shut off from the dwellings of all persons whose taxes are not paid at six P. M., June 1, 1880." A clerk sits at desk writing.

A delinquent tax-payer enters, apparently very angry.

Clerk. Good afternoon, sir.

Tax-payer. Going to shut off the water, eh?

Clerk. Certainly, at six o'clock.

Tax. I'd like to see you try it on, I would! If this Water Board imagines it runs the whole city it will find itself mistaken!

Clerk. Won't you take a seat, sir?

Tax. If the water *had* been shut off, I'd have given this Board such a tilt as it never had before! It can brow-beat some men, but it mustn't try any Cæsarism on me!

Clerk. Don't stand up this hot day, I beseech you. (*the CLERK takes a bill and begins to fill it out from a large book.*)

Tax. I now refuse to pay the rates, and you shut the water off if you dare! I'll make a test case of it and carry it to the Supreme Court! (*the CLERK continues writing*) Yes; I'll carry it to the Supreme Court if it costs me \$10,000. I have never allowed any one to trample on me, and it's too late to begin now.

Clerk. A very warm day, Mr. ———.

Tax. No; you can't brow-beat me. I know my rights as an American citizen, and I will maintain them—how much is it? (*the CLERK takes up the bill he has made out and looks at it.*)

Clerk. Six dollars.

Tax. We have no Czar in this country, and—take the six dollars out of this ten dollar bill. (*he hands the CLERK a ten dollar bill, and the latter returns the change.*)

Clerk. It is a beautiful day although rather warm.

Tax. Yes, pretty fair. This board mustn't try to bull-doze me. I'm not the man to submit to any tyranny. Did you receipt this bill? (*he picks up the bill and looks at it.*)

Clerk. Yes, sir.

Tax. Looks like rain, don't it? You be sure and tell the Commissioners what I have said. Is that clock right? Well, good-day.

Clerk. Good afternoon, sir.

CURTAIN.

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

A DECLAMATION.

[From Cathcart's "Youth's Speaker," by permission.]

On the deck stood Columbus; the ocean's expanse,
 Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance,
 "Back to Spain!" cry his men; "Put the vessel about!
 We venture no further through danger and doubt."
 "Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;
 "Bear up, my brave comrades;—three days shall decide."

He sails,—but no token of land is in sight ;
 He sails,—but the day shows no more than the night.
 On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
 The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.
 The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er
 The rudder, which creaks 'mid the billowy roar ;
 He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,
 And its funereal-wail through the shrouds of the mast.
 The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,
 And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes.
 But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,
 Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.
 "Columbus, 'tis day, and the darkness is o'er.
 "Day! and what dost thou see?" "Sky and ocean. No
 more!"

The second day's past, and Columbus is sleeping,
 While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping.
 "Shall he perish?" "Ay! death!" is the barbarous cry ;
 "He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die!"
 Ungrateful and blind!—shall the world-linking sea
 He traced for the Future his sepulchre be ?
 Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
 Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye craves?
 The corse of an humble adventurer then ;
 One day later,—Columbus, the first among men !

But hush! he is dreaming!—a veil on the main,
 At the distant horizon, is parted in twain ;
 And now on his dreaming eye—rapturous sight!—
 Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night!
 O, vision of glory, how dazzling it seems !
 How glistens the verdure! how sparkle the streams!
 How blue the far mountains! how glad the green isles!
 And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles!
 "Joy! joy!" cries Columbus: "this region is mine!"
 Ah! not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!

At length o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks,—
 "Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!"—he awakes;
 He runs,—yes! behold it!—it blesseth his sight,
 The land! O, dear spectacle! transport! delight!
 O, generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
 What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?
 He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne,—
 His king will repay all the ills he has known!
 In exchange for a world what are honors and gains?
 Or a crown? But how *is* he rewarded?—with chains!

THE REJECTED GUEST.—A RECITATION.

The speaker, a little girl, should hold in her arms a dilapidated doll.

You needn't be trying to comfort me;
 I tell you my dolly is hurt,
 Because those naughty, rude children
 Tossed her off in the dirt.
 I took her to their doll-party,
 And left her right in a chair;
 And when I came back to find her,
 My poor little pet wasn't there.

And where do you think that I found her?
 Why, out by the gate alone
 My poor little darling was lying,
 Just where she'd been rudely thrown.
 Oh, yes! I know she is homely,
 And that her right leg is gone,
 And that she has only one eye in,
 And that she is rather forlorn.

And I know as well as *you* do,
 That kitty has chewed off her hair,
 And baby has washed all the color
 Off of her cheeks so fair;

And I know the sawdust keeps running
 Out of a hole in her back ;
 But what *can* one expect when my dolly
 Is used as a *football* by Jack ?

But I tell you I love her the same, nurse,
 As though she were pretty and well ;
 But the half of the names she was called
 By those children, I never can tell.
 O, dolly ! who cares for their party ?
 They needn't be laughing at you ;
 It is lucky your own little mother
 Is faithful, devoted and true.

M. D. BRINE.

THE CLOCK'S SERMON.—A RECITATION.

What says the clock when it strikes one ?
 Watch ! says the clock ; oh, watch, little one !
 What says the clock when it strikes two ?
 Love God, little darling, for God loves you.
 And tell me, tell me softly, what it whispers at three ?
 Is it "Suffer little children to come unto me ?"
 Then come, gentle lambs, come and wander no more ;
 'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that call you at four ;
 And oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive,
 When it echoes as sweetly, "God bless thee," at five ;
 And remember at six, with the fading of day,
 That your life is a vapor that passeth away.
 What says the clock when it strikes seven ?
 Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven !
 And what says the clock when it strikes eight ?
 Strive, strive to enter in at the beautiful gate !
 And louder, still louder, it calls us at nine,
 And its song is, "My son, give me that heart of thine."
 Then sweet be your voice responsive at ten.
 "Hosanna in the highest ! Hosanna, amen !"

Then loud let the chorus ring on till eleven,
 "Praise, praise to the Father, the Father in heaven!"
 While the deep stroke of midnight, the watch-word shall bring,
 "Lo! these are my jewels, these, these!" saith the King.

CURTAIN.

A CLASS RECITATION.

IN CONCERT.

[From Cathcart's "Youth's Speaker," by permission.]

I suppose, if all the children
 Who have lived through ages long
 Were collected and inspected,
 They would make a wondrous throng.
 O, the babble of the Babel!
 O, the flutter of the fuss!
 To begin with Cain and Abel,
 And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
 Who are now and who have been,—
 Every nation since creation
 That this world of ours has seen;
 And of all them, not any
 But was once a baby small;
 While of children, O, how many
 Never have grown up at all.

Some have never laughed or spoken,
 Never used their rosy feet;
 Some have even flown to heaven
 Ere they new that earth was sweet;
 And indeed I wonder whether,
 If we reckon every birth,
 And bring such a flock together,
 There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
 Who their saucy ears will box?
 Who will dress them and caress them?
 Who will darn their little socks?
 Where are arms enough to hold them,
 Hands to pat each shining head?
 Who will praise them? who will scold them?
 Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
 Little savage children, too,
 In all stages of all ages
 That our planet ever knew!
 Little princes and princesses,
 Little beggars wan and faint;
 Some in very handsome dresses,
 Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
 Such a motley crowd would make!
 And the clatter of their chatter,
 And the things that they would break!
 O, the babble of the Babel!
 O, the flutter of the fuss!
 To begin with Cain and Abel,
 And to finish up with us!

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

Three girls of different heights are required for this piece. FAITH should be the smallest, CHARITY the largest. They should take their places on the platform, FAITH speaking first, CHARITY last. Then each should sing in the same order.

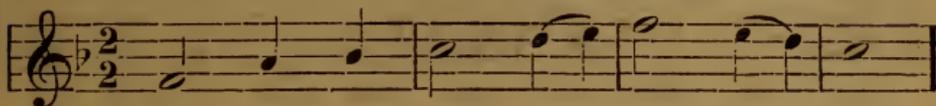
Faith. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Hope. Hope is the anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast.

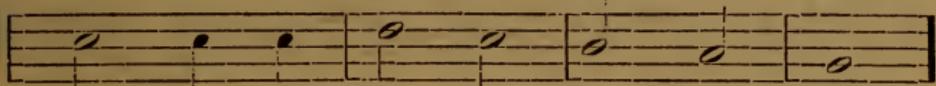
Charity (repeats the whole of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians).

Then FAITH sings the following :

Words and Music from "Sacred Songs," published in 1842.



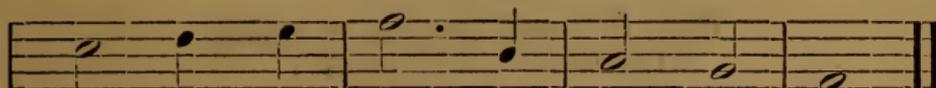
1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,



We walk through des - erts dark as night :



Till we ar - rive at Heav'n, our home,

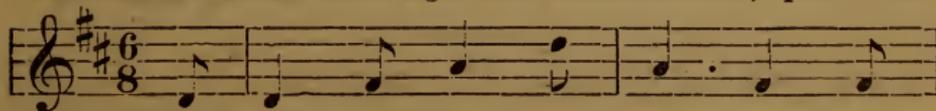


Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

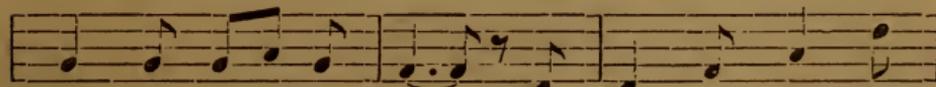
2. The want of sight, faith well supplies ;
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

HOPE sings the following :

Words and Music from the "Song Book of the School-room," pub. in 1847.



1. Hope comes, our path to light - en, To



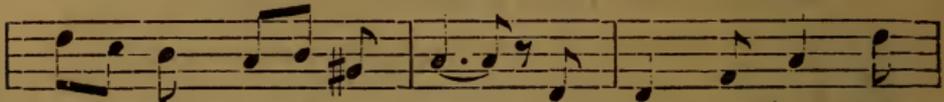
twine the dia - mond band ; U - nit - ing earth and



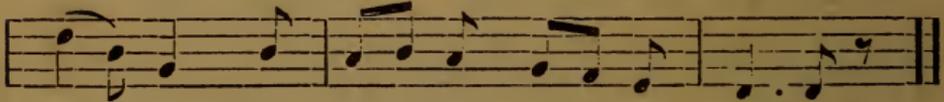
Heav - en, That hap - py spir - it land ;



And when her way is dark - ened, Hope



wastes not sigh nor tear, But says, "a thorn has

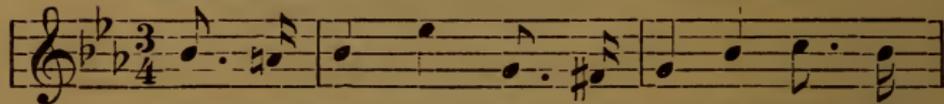


pierced me, So ros - es must be near."

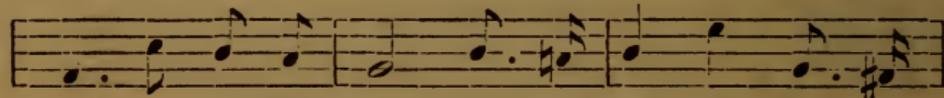
2. When the clouds are dark and heavy,
 Hope lifts her trusting eyes,
 And sees, amid their darkness,
 The bow of promise rise.
 When flesh and strength are failing,
 When powers of nature die ;
 Hope says, " My Father calls me
 To mansions in the sky."

CHARITY sings the following :

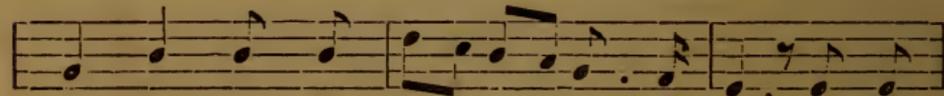
Words and Music from the " Silver Bell," by permission.



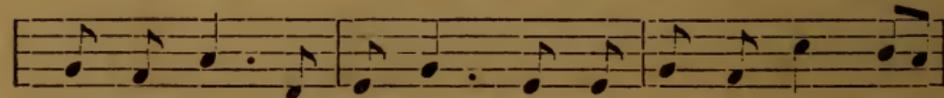
Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a -



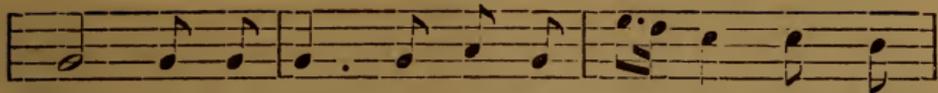
mong the " Blessed Three," Turn - ing sad - ness in - to



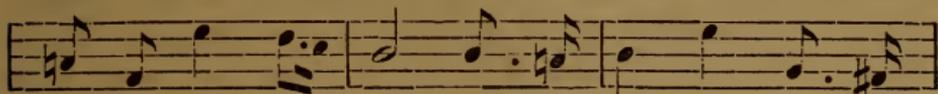
glad - ness, Heav'n-born art thou, Cha - ri - ty! Pi - ty



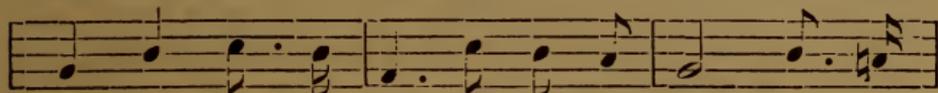
dwell-eth in thy bo - som, Kind-ness reign-eth o'er thy



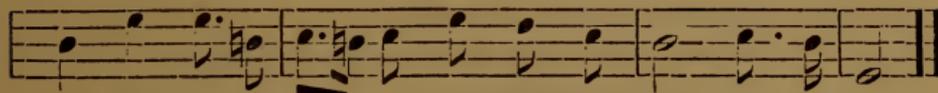
heart; Gen - tle thoughts a - lone can sway thee; Judg - ment



hath in thee no part. Meek and low - ly, pure and



ho - ly, Chief a - mong the "Bless-ed Three," Turn - ing



sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Heav'n-born art thou, Cha - ri - ty.

CURTAIN.

OUR TRAMPS.—A DIALOGUE.

Two persons, dressed as grandfather and grandmother, should be seated on the stage, which should represent a sitting-room. The grandmother sewing and the grandfather reading. To a knock at the door, the grandmother answers, "Come in." A very small boy and two little girls enter. They should be dressed in old clothes belonging to grown up people. The coat of the boy and the dresses of the girls should trail upon the ground.

Grandmother. Well, I never! Do look, grandfather, if here are not more tramps! (*the children laugh aloud.*)

Grandfather. Dear! dear! more tramps! We shall have to send Rover away if he has not the wit to bite such people as these.

Grandm. What do you want?

Boy. Something to eat if you please, ma'am.

Grandm. What would you like to eat?

Boy. Bread and marmalade, if you please.

First Girl. I should like a piece of lemon pie, ma'am.

Grandm. And what will this poor woman have?

Second Girl. A cold potato, mum. (*she speaks in good broad Irish brogue.* GRANDMOTHER goes to the closet and the children begin to whisper and look over their shoulders at their trails. GRANDMOTHER returns, gives the bread and marmalade to the BOY, a piece of lemon pie on a plate to the first GIRL, and a cold potato to the second. The BOY and the first GIRL begin to eat their food. When the second GIRL takes her cold potato, she makes a little courtesy, and then the three children laugh.)

Grandf. All these tramps have bad manners. Why don't Rover drive them off?

Grandm. Are you looking for work?

Boy. Yes, ma'am. (*then the children laugh a little.*)

Grandm. What work can you do?

Boy. I can feed hens and drive cows, but I should like best to ride horses.

Grandm. Well, if you are a good, strong, willing fellow, I think some farmer will be glad to hire you. What can this woman do?

First Girl. I can sweep, make the beds and wash the dishes.

Grandm. What can you do, my good woman?

Second Girl. I'm a cook, mum.

Grandm. I might possibly find some scouring or cooking for these women, but I do not allow trailed skirts in my kitchen.

Grandf. I should want to take a feather-duster to all three before I took them in. Rover, why don't you drive them off; don't you know they are tramps? (*the children laugh.* The BOY eats his bread, the GIRL her pie, but the child with the cold potato looks at it in a sorrowful manner. There is a silence of two or three minutes.)

Second Girl. O, grandma, I want a piece of pie, too!

CURTAIN.

A TABLEAU.—"OUR SINGING SCHOOL."

The music teacher should be standing, and in the act of beating time; his pupils, both boys and girls, should either sit or

stand so that their faces may be seen by the audience. The faces should be ridiculously distorted. Some should be singing, apparently, the very highest notes possible, and others the very lowest. To obtain the right expression, attempt to sing these very high and very low notes, and observe the position of the muscles of the face. The expression must be exaggerated. By a little ingenuity, this picture can be made very pleasing. An instrumental accompaniment to some familiar tune, played during the pantomime, will add to the effect of the tableau, which should be shown twice.

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S STRATEGY.—A DIALOGUE.

SCENE I.—DR. STONE'S *study*. DR. STONE'S *assistant teachers*, MISS BROWN and MISS Pincer, *sit at a table correcting compositions*.

Enter DR. STONE.

Dr. Stone. Well, ladies, how do you like our new pupil, Nellie Thorpe?

Miss Pincer. Why, Dr. Stone, she is a perfect treasure! She is such a bright, clever creature; study is very easy to her, and she is so generous and sympathetic that every girl in school seems to love her.

Miss Brown. And oh, Dr. Stone, we think she displays rare talent for composition! Just think what a treasure she will prove in such a seminary as ours!

Dr. S. You don't mean to say there is a pupil in Albany Seminary that can write a decent composition; do you?

Miss B. Indeed I do. You know you have been absent Wednesday mornings, for two weeks, when the compositions were read. I never heard such compositions read in this school before.

Dr. S. Well, I am thankful if we have even *one* pupil that can write anything fit to be called a composition. Our exercises on Wednesday mornings have long been a disgrace to this institution. I was greatly mortified last month when Judge Hardy

came in one Wednesday morning. There were only twelve out of our seventy-five pupils that were prepared in composition. And such compositions! All the rest of our pupils were sick with headaches, toothaches, neuralgia or something of the kind. I was sure I saw Judge Hardy smile, and I did not wonder.

Miss P. Sick! sick! that is always the excuse! but I notice our pupils nearly always recover by Wednesday noon, so that they are able to eat a very large quantity of roast beef and apple pie.

Dr. S. Well, I do hope Nellie Thorpe will have a good influence over our scholars, especially in reference to compositions.

Miss P. I think she will.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*DR. STONE'S study. The DOCTOR sits at table, looking very much perplexed, with an extremely large pile of compositions before him.*

Enter MISS BROWN and MISS Pincer.

Dr. S. Be seated, if you please, young ladies. I wish to consult you. I am greatly perplexed. Look at that pile of compositions. I notice the number of our valetudinarians is rapidly decreasing in our school. Wednesday morning ailments are becoming less and less frequent.

Miss P. I have noticed the fact with a great deal of satisfaction. Our "invalid corps," I trust, is a thing of the past.

Dr. S. It is a grateful change, I admit, but there are some things rather puzzling. Here, for instance, are two compositions; one from Kate Kearns and the other from Abby Blair. We all know very well they are the dullest girls in our school. They have never before done anything but invent excuses for writing compositions; now they come promptly with their essays every week. Look at this pile of compositions. Here are essays by Lizzie Smith, Cornelia Jones, Jennie Howard and a host of others, who have always, until now, been too lazy to write compositions.

Miss B. Do you attribute this wonderful change entirely to the good influence of your new pupil, Nellie Thorpe?

Dr. S. I do, decidedly. There is still another point to which I

wish to call your attention. There is a very marked improvement in the style and matter of the essays as well. Such commonplace and trite subjects as "Passing Away" and "The March of Time" are made by our dullest pupils not only endurable but almost interesting. There is an airiness and piquancy about them that command attention. Does it seem to you that everything is right?

Miss P. I must confess I have had misgivings for some time. We have no proof, however.

Dr. S. It will not be best to do or say anything just at present; only wait and *watch*.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—NELLIE THORPE'S room. NELLIE sits at table writing. There is a knock at the door.

Nellie. Come in.

CORNELIA JONES enters.

Cornelia. Good evening, Nellie.

Nell. Good evening, Cornelia. Take a seat. Are your lessons all prepared for to-morrow?

Cor. Oh, no; but I can learn them easily enough in study hours. You need not pretend to be so innocent; you know very well what the trouble is. To-morrow is composition day, and you know very well if my essay is written you will have to do it.

Nell. Didn't I tell you last week that I couldn't write so many compositions for you girls? I really haven't the time to spare, and, besides, my conscience troubles me; I believe I am doing wrong.

Cor. Oh, yes, do help me just this time, that's a dear, good girl. Perhaps I won't ask you next week.

Nell. That is just what you always say, Cornelia. I must put a stop to this business, and it might as well be to-night as any time.

Cor. Here are some very nice caramels I bought for you this afternoon. They are just delicious. (*she hands NELLIE a piece of candy*) Now you just tell me what to write, as you eat the caramels.

Nell. No, I shall do nothing of the kind. I would a great deal rather write the composition myself than tell *you* how to do it; so hand over your paper, but mind, it must be the last time. I presume you will repent of asking me to write this one. (*she takes the paper and begins to write. The door opens and three girls enter with portfolios in hand*) I really haven't time to help you this evening, girls, for I have my botany lesson to learn, and I must do a little sewing, too. The lace is all torn off my—

Clara. Now, Nell, you mustn't say you won't help us. There's a dear, good girl.

Jennie. We'll sew your lace on, and do anything else you want us to, if you'll only write our compositions. That will be simply an exchange of work. (*she goes to the closet, takes down the dress, finds a needle and thread and begins to work.*)

Annie. Oh, do write our compositions for us just this time. You know it is no trouble whatever for you to write, but it's such a dreadful bore for us.

Nell. You, girls, are the biggest nuisances I know of, and I feel that my delicate constitution will no longer bear the onerous duties you impose upon it. My failing appetite warns me that—

Clara. Failing appetite! That's good. Why, you ate two immense slabs of beef for dinner, and I know Miss Pincer thought you had more than your share of the pudding.

Jen. Come, Nellie, you can write the compositions while you are talking about them.

Nell. You are the most persistent girls I ever knew. I told you last week not to come again. I feel as if I were acting a very mean part. Last Wednesday, when all those people were present, I was obliged to sit quietly and hear about fifty of my own compositions read. What do you suppose Dr. Stone would have said had he known the truth? I tell you what it is, girls, our consciences will all become hardened if we go on in this way, and if you have no intention of putting a stop to this thing, I have.

Jen. Oh, dear, why don't you stop talking and begin to write?

Ann. Come, Nellie, do oblige us just this time.

Nell. I tell you what it is, girls, I will write your compositions

for you this time if you really insist upon it, but I warn you that you will all regret ever having asked me.

All. We will take the risk.

Nell. Will you promise not to show your compositions to each other?

All. Oh, yes, we'll promise.

A little girl named JULIA enters on tip-toe, goes behind NELLIE and throws her arms around her neck and kisses her.

Julia. Oh, Nellie, please do write me just a few lines about Winter.

Nell. Why, pet, what do you want me to say about Winter.

Julia. Oh, I don't care one bit what you say. You know you have written for me something about Spring, Summer and Autumn, and I thought perhaps Dr. Stone would expect to hear something about Winter this time.

Nell. Don't you know, Julia dear, that I intend to stop this business of writing other people's compositions?

Julia. Oh, Nellie, please don't! What could all of us little girls do?

Here a long line of girls enter.

First Girl. Good evening, Nellie. Here comes your composition corps.

Nell. So I see. I have threatened for a long time to end this thing, and now I am about to put these threats into execution.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.—*The stage should be arranged as nearly as possible to represent a school-room. The teachers, pupils and several visitors are present for the purpose of listening to the essays.*

Dr. S. We will now listen to an essay by Miss Cornelia Jones. (*CORNELIA passes to the proper place, bows, and reads the following essay.*)

Cornelia Jones. The Sun-dew. The little marsh plant called

sun-dew is pretty, with its small round leaves fringed with crimson hairs, each headed with a tiny drop of dew, which looks cool and sparkling all through the hot days of summer.

"A little marsh-plant, yellow-green,
 And pricked at lip with tender red ;
 Tread close, and either way you tread,
 Some faint black water sets between,
 Lest you should harm the tender head.

"You call it sun-dew ; how it grows,
 If with its color it hath breath,
 If life taste sweet to it, if death
 Pain its soft petal, no man knows ;
 Man has no sight nor sense that saith."

The minute drops of harmless dew which adorn every hair, or tentacle, as Mr. Darwin calls the crimson filaments, from the use to which they are applied, is, in reality, a drop of very viscid secretion, surrounding an extremely sensitive gland.

Attracted either by the glitter, or possibly by some honeyed odor, or whatever mysterious instinct it is that draws the child to the unwholesome sweet, insects alight on the leaf.

If the delicate feet of the smallest gnat do but touch one of the drops of dew at the end of a single filament, its doom is sealed.

Caught by the tenacious secretion, with the sensations one would imagine in this strange world of insect peril of a child stuck up bodily to a gigantic bull's-eye to whose attractions it has incautiously yielded, in vain it endeavors to escape.

According to Dr. Nitschke, insects are generally killed in about a quarter of an hour, suffocated in the secretion.

On one leaf alone, Darwin found the remains of thirteen flies, and as a single plant has some six or seven leaves, and the plant itself is very abundant, the tale of the slain must be enormous.

As CORNELIA JONES finishes her composition and bows, the door opens softly and CLARA enters.

Dr. S. You are late this morning, Clara. You need not take

your seat just yet; we will listen to your essay first. (CLARA takes her place, bows and reads.)

Clara. The Sun-dew. The little marsh plant called sun-dew is pretty, with its small round leaves fringed with crimson hair, each headed with a tiny drop of dew, which looks cool, etc. (CLARA reads her essay through, which proves to be exactly like the one read by CORNELIA JONES.)

Dr. S. Miss Pincer, where is Jennie Thompson?

Miss P. Her mother called to see her a short time since.

Dr. S. I will be obliged to you if you will go to the reception room and call Jennie. Invite her mother to come and hear the essays read. (MISS Pincer leaves the room but soon returns with JENNIE and her mother. DR. STONE gives the mother a seat) Jennie, we are waiting to hear your essay. (JENNIE takes her place, bows and reads.)

Jen. The Sun-dew. The little marsh plant called sun-dew is pretty, with its small round leaves fringed with crimson hairs, each headed, etc. (JENNIE reads the essay, which proves to be precisely like the others.)

Dr. S. Miss Annie Wilson may read next. (ANNIE puts her face on the desk and cries) Come, Annie, we are waiting.

Ann. Oh, I can't, Dr. Stone, I can't; I am sick!

Dr. S. Miss Pincer, you may read the essay for Annie.

Miss P. The Sun-dew. The little marsh plant called sun-dew is pretty, etc. (MISS Pincer reads the essay through, which proves to be precisely like the others.)

Dr. S. Helen Fengar, we will hear your essay next.

Helen. I can't read it.

Dr. S. Why not?

Helen. Because it is on the floor.

Dr. S. Pick it up.

Helen. I have torn it into little pieces.

Dr. S. You may tell us the subject of your composition. (HELEN is silent) Speak!

Helen. The Sun-dew.

Dr. S. There seems to have been a most marked unanimity of thought between many of our pupils this week, but perhaps Miss Celia Macfarlane, who will now read, will favor us with some-

thing different. (*CELIA looks very much confused and half rising speaks.*)

Celia. I am not prepared.

Dr. S. We cannot accept that excuse, Miss Celia. When I called the roll, you said you were prepared. How is it that you now say you are not? I have the best reason to suppose that you have an essay this week, inasmuch as one bearing your name was handed to me last evening for correction. Your topic, if I remember rightly, was "The Sun-dew," and began after this style, "The little marsh plant called sun-dew is pretty," etc. We will next listen to an essay by Miss Patty Spencer.

Patty. I haven't any, sir—that is—I mean I tore it up.

Dr. S. Well, pick up the pieces and see if you cannot read the essay.

Patty. I can't, sir; it's all in little scraps; but if you'll excuse me this time, doctor, I'll do better after this. (*PATTY begins to cry.*)

Dr. S. As you have destroyed it, of course you cannot read it; but you can at least tell us the subject of your essay. (*a long pause*) Tell us the subject, Patty.

Patty. It was about—about "The Sun-dew."

Dr. S. Perhaps we had better close this exercise here. I had intended to make some remarks to all these young ladies who have been devoting themselves so assiduously to "The Sun-dew" the past week, but I think perhaps they have been sufficiently punished. I will only give them this piece of advice,—always write your own compositions in future.

CURTAIN.

JUNE ROSES.—A RECITATION.

Three little sunbonnets all in a row,
 Under the hedge where the June roses blow;
 Under the sunbonnets three little faces,
 Where dimples and smiles leave their own sunny traces;
My little rosebuds, all playing together
 Under the roses, in sweet Juny weather.

Gayly the robin his morning-song sings,
 Pluming and stretching his feathers and wings ;
 Gayly the bees seek their favorite red clover,
 While sunbeams are spreading the green meadows over ;
 And sweetest of all the sweet sounds that I hear
 Is the musical laugh of my little ones dear.

Six little hands that are twining the roses
 With daisies and buttercups, nature's sweet posies ;
 Making a wreath just as bright as can be
 For a certain *mamma*. 'Tis a secret, you see ;
 But a wee little butterfly, flying this way,
 Told *mamma* the secret, if truth she must say.

O, fragrant June roses! not sweeter are ye
 Than the rosebuds the Father has given to me.
 God grant they may grow 'neath the sunshine of love
 Into all that is pure from the garden above ;
 Their dear hearts be guarded from evil's sad power
 Till the buds blossom out in the full, perfect flower.

Three little sunbonnets all in a row,
 Under the hedge where the June roses blow ;
 Three little faces, all laughing, I see,
 Throwing sweet kisses so gayly to me, —
 Dearly I love them, my blossoms so fair,
 My children, whose joys and whose sorrows I share !

KEEPING STILL.—A DIALOGUE.

CHARACTERS.

GRANDMOTHER, *an old lady*. AUNTIE, *a middle-aged spinster*.
 ROB, *an irrepressible little boy*.

SCENE.—*A sitting-room*. AUNT *seated sewing*.
 ROB *enters riding on a cane*.

Aunt. O, Rob! carry that old stick into the shed, and do keep still.

Rob. That isn't an old stick. That's a hoss, auntie!

Aunt. I don't wonder your mother's sick, if you are as noisy as this at home. You must keep still here, Rob, or you'll make me crazy. (*Rob carries out his stick and soon begins to ring a large bell. Finally he enters his AUNT'S room, still ringing the bell.*)

Rob. Pay your fare! Come to the cabin and pay your fare!

Aunt. Now, Rob, you will craze me! Give me the bell and sit down on that little chair and keep still. (*Rob sits down, looks very sorrowful, folds his hands, sighs, and is silent a moment.*)

Rob. O, auntie dear, I do pity stones so!

Aunt. Pity stones! what for, Robbie?

Rob. 'Cause they have to keep so still all their lives. I am so glad I ain't a stone!

Aunt. There is no danger of your turning into a stone, Rob; you don't keep still long enough.

Rob. Oh! dear! how stones must ache, keeping still always. I ache now, just in this little speck of time. I'm glad I ain't a fence, nor a tree, nor a rag-baby that can't move till somebody pulls it! O, auntie, my head aches, and my hands and feet are cold, and my eyes are crooked, keeping still such a long time!

Aunt. Your mouth is all right, little boy. That has not kept still at all.

GRANDMA enters.

Grandma. Why, what is the matter, Robbie; are you sick?

Rob. O, grandma, I'm all hard. I've been sitting still such an awful long time.

Aunt. Two minutes.

Rob. O, auntie, it's an hour, an awful long hour, and I'm all asleep but my head! Can't I get up, say?

Grandma. Yes, you may come up in my room and make a train of cars with the chairs.

Rob. Won't you be crazy, grandma?

Grandma. No, my dear; noise does not trouble me much. It is a good plan, however, for little boys to learn to be still, so that they will not trouble those who are sick. To-morrow morning, I wish you to fold your hands and sit still one minute, and do the same again in the afternoon. We will call that your "les-

son in silence." By-and-by you can sit still two, three and even five minutes, to please those who do not like a noise.

Rob. Yes, grandma dear, I will ; but I hope mamma will soon be well, I'm so tired of keeping still.

CURTAIN.

THE SPELLING LESSON.—A DIALOGUE.

CHARACTERS.

LINA, } *two little girls.*
LULU, }

Two little girls sit at table. The older is hearing the younger recite her spelling lesson.

Lina. Orchard!—spell it, Lulu, quick !
I'm sure that's easy enough to spell.

Lulu. Of course the word is easy enough,
And I can spell it very well ;
But, Lina, oh, I tell you what !
I cannot think of books to-day,
For just that word has made me think
Of the orchard where we used to play.
And don't you know we climbed so high
Up in the crooked apple-trees,
That——

Lina. Never mind, do hurry up
And say your lesson, Lulu, please,
For I have mine to say to you
After we're through with yours, you know.
Oh, dear ! it is such stupid work,
Down that long line of words to go !

Lulu. Well, o-r-c-h-a-r-d ;

Lina. And what does it mean ?

Lulu. Well, let me see ;
It's a beautiful place where apples grow
For boys and girls to eat, you know,

And belongs to grandpa, far away
In the lovely country, where we play——

Lina. O, Lulu, do be serious, please,
And don't waste time in being a tease.

Lulu. But, Lina, don't you truly wish
We might have had just one week more
Of glad vacation, ere we're called
To study lessons o'er and o'er?
How can I study when my mind
Is full of butterflies and bees,
And brooks and swings and meadow-fields,
And grandpa's crooked apple-trees?

I can spell orchard, if you like,
But cannot any further go,
Because I shut my eyes and think
I'm in the country yet, you know.
So put the spelling-book away;
I do not like to think of school.
I wish for little girls like us
A *year's* vacation were the rule.

M. D. BRINE.

CURTAIN.

The next exercise will be a recitation by Miss ——, entitled
"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair.
He with steps so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating
hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold
and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-
night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy, — walls so dark and damp and
cold,—

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely
white
As she spoke in husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her
young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart ;
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy
shadowed tower ;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour ;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it ; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood *must die.*"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large
and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring to-
night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old
church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he trod so oft before ;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheeks and brow
aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and
fro ;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-
night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great
dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to
hell ;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew
now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and
paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with sudden
light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-
night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below ;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to
and fro ;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the
bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral
knell ;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and
white.
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not
ring to-night."

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped
once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted ; and what she this night had
done,
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of
white,
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad
night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ; Bessie saw him, and her
brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty
now ;

At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and
 torn ;
 And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and
 worn,
 Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty
 light ;
 "Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell ; "Curfew shall not ring
 to-night."

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

The next exercise will be a dialogue, entitled

THE OLD COUSIN ;

OR, YOU SHOULD NOT JUDGE THE TREE BY THE BARK.

[Adapted from the French of Emile Souvestre.]

BY ANNIE I. B. MAY.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. LANDON, *a widow with two daughters.*

EUGENIA, *her daughter, sixteen years old.*

CAROLINE, *her daughter, somewhat literary, fourteen years old.*

BETTY, *a cook, somewhat coquettish, forty-five years old, and very talkative.*

KITTY DURANT, *cousin of Mrs. Landon, fifty years old, and deformed.*

The scene is laid in the neighborhood of Boston. The stage represents a parlor in the country, doors at the end, right and left, chairs and footstools. At the right and left centre-tables and writing materials. At the left a mantel-piece upon which is a glass and a clock.

SCENE I.—EUGENIA *seated near a centre-table at the right, looking into a rhyming dictionary.*

Eugenia (looking at the clock). Three o'clock already, and these verses for mamma's birthday not finished! The rhymes and the measure are what trouble me. If it were not for the

measure and rhymes, I could make verses so easily. Mercy! I wish I could finish. The commencement is so good. There is something majestic and noble— (*she reads with emphasis*)

For a monarch's birthday-feast his flattering courtiers sing
A thousand sounding wishes for the glory of his throne ;
But to a tender mother the dearest wish to bring
Is—

Now what is the dearest wish to a mother? It must be something that rhymes to throne. (*she looks into the dictionary*) Here, *tone!* No, not that. *Bone*—not yet; I cannot go and wish her a bone. *Stone—groan—thrown.* (*she shuts the dictionary ill-humoredly*) I have not one idea which gives me a rhyme, and I cannot find a rhyme which gives me an idea. It is not worth while to have a rhyming dictionary.

Enter CAROLINE by the door on the left, her shoulders covered with a dressing-gown thrown over her dress. She is arranging her hair.

Caroline. O, Eugenia, such a distressing thing!

Eug. What do you mean?

Car. You know I sent John to borrow a head-dress from Miss St. Clair for me?

Eug. Well?

Car. Well, Miss St. Clair has gone back to Boston.

Eug. Well, you will have to arrange your hair without a head-dress.

Car. Arrange my hair without a head-dress! You want me to represent a Muse with nothing on my head! Ridiculous! If I have no head-dress, your verses will be abominable.

Eug. Don't be uneasy; I do not believe they will be composed, and you will not need to be dressed as a Muse.

Car. (*arranging her hair before the mirror on the left*). The idea! My costume is too becoming to be given up. I shall wear it, no matter what happens. It is more important to have a head-dress than to recite some stanzas. Look! how do the Muses arrange their hair? Chinese fashion or Mary Stuart style? (*she arranges her hair before the mirror.*)

Eug. See here, Caroline ; you would do much better if you would let me finish my verses, and go and attend to other things yourself.

Car. Oh ! Betty has taken charge of other preparations.

Eug. Betty is certainly obliging enough ; but, you know, when she begins to talk, time flies without her knowledge ; especially when she talks about Mrs. Leroy of New York.

Car. Mamma suspects nothing, and has gone walking to the post-office for letters,

Eug. Now, if nobody disturbs us with a visit—

Car. Nobody will come. As soon as August arrives all our friends fall sick and are obliged to go to watering-places. (*sighing*) We are obliged to be well, because mamma has this little house here, where she likes to spend the warm weather. She ought to know that it is not stylish to like the country now. It is considered very bad taste.

BETTY runs in at the door on the right. She has butter and eggs in a basket.

Betty (talking very rapidly). I cannot find John anywhere, and I wanted to send him on an errand. Look, young ladies ; these are for my side-dish—the famous cream which Mrs. Leroy always said had not its equal in the thirty-six quarters of the globe. It seems that it was invented in England, where they make everything by machinery, even plum-pudding.

Eug. (intending to induce BETTY to go away to work). We depend upon you, Betty ; we know you are a famous cook.

Betty. Exactly so—a number-one cook ; and to prove it, Mrs. Leroy, who had taken her four meals in the high and low courts of Europe, declared that I need not be afraid of anybody in making any well-known dish. There is only one dish in which I never could succeed, and I would give two fingers to make it. It is called "floating island," a dish invented in England, a savage country, like all places outside of Boston.

Car. You were born in one of those places, however, my friend.

Betty (provoked). That is true ; but nobody is responsible for the misfortune of her birth.

Eug. (decidedly). I can work better somewhere else. (*she starts to go out at the door on the left, but starts back*) Ah! there is mamma.

Betty. Hide everything. (*she lays her apron upon the basket she carries*) Take off the dressing-gown, Miss Caroline.

Car. How shall I keep mamma from seeing it? Ah! under your apron. (*she thrusts her dressing-gown under the apron.*)

Betty. Well, well! you put it on the fresh butter.

Eug. (who has pushed the papers into the pocket of her apron, looks for a place to put the dictionary). Where shall I put it? (*runs to BETTY*) Take care she does not see it. (*she thrusts it under BETTY'S arm.*)

Betty. Good gracious! You will break the eggs. (*uncovering the basket*) Look there.

Eug. Hide that, do.

MRS. LANDON, *entering at the end, holding a letter in her hand.*

Mrs. Landon. Do I disturb you, children?

Eug. (embarrassed). Why, mamma?

Car. (in the same manner). Not at all.

Betty. Certainly; you are just in time. (*aside to EUGENIA*) They are broken, miss; I feel them trickling.

Eug. Hush, hush!

Mrs. L. I have some news to tell you about our old cousin, Kitty Durant, whose brother had just died after gaining a lawsuit in which he was engaged with me for fifteen years. This letter tells me she is coming here.

Betty (frightened). What! the dead man?

Mrs. L. Oh, no; his sister. Betty, see yourself that her room is arranged. She is coming to-day.

Betty. Yes, ma'am. (*aside*) Here is a stumbling-block! (*aloud*) Yes, ma'am; I am going. (*aside*) And my cream not begun, and the eggs trickling and trickling. (*aloud*) Yes, ma'am. (*aside*) Mrs. Leroy was right in saying misfortunes never come singly. (*she goes out at the right. MRS. L. remains alone a moment, while EUGENIA and CAROLINE go toward the end of the stage and talk in low voices.*)

Mrs. L. This unexpected arrival disturbs all the plans. These

poor children will have great trouble preparing a surprise for me. When I am alone I can shut my eyes and keep out of the way ; but this cousin will be an obstacle. (EUGENIA and CAROLINE coming back with signs of vexation.)

Eug. How does it happen, mamma, that Miss Durant is coming to see us without an invitation ?

Mrs. L. She thought the relationship a sufficient reason ; and I have decided to receive her with all the politeness due to a guest. I had cause to complain of her brother, but the sister took no part in the law-suit.

Eug. What will we do with a cousin from the country ?

Car. I am sure she wears yarn gloves.

Eug. And can talk of nothing but butter-making.

Mrs. L. Come, children ! I too should have preferred to avoid this visit ; but let us make the best of it.

Eug. O, mamma, I cannot !

Car. Nor I.

Eug. A person whose name I have never heard except in connection with that law-suit.

Car. And who invites herself to our house !

Mrs. L. (seriously). As well as I remember Miss Durant, she does not deserve all this abuse. Politeness is a duty ; and her infirmity gives her a greater claim to our consideration.

Eug. What infirmity ?

Mrs. L. Well, she is deformed.

Eug. And they say deformed people are so malicious !

Car. And they are so ugly !

Mrs. L. (seriously). Take care, children ; what is most malicious and ugly is want of pity for misfortune, and a selfishness which makes us ill-natured when we are disturbed. Do not forget the affection and respect due to a member of the family who is coming to seek our hospitality ; and, however inconvenient the arrival of our old cousin, take care she does not see that it is so.

Eug. I beg your pardon, mamma.

Car. We did not mean to offend you.

Mrs. L. I know it. But above all, if anything in her dress or person seems to be ridiculous, take care not to laugh.

Eug. (aside). Thought is free, at any rate.

Car. We will bite our lips, mamma.

Mrs. L. Listen! I hear voices.

BETTY runs in at the right.

Betty. Here is the cousin from the country! Oh, young ladies, she must be dressed in the latest style from Congo! A hat like an umbrella, a cloak trimmed with fox-tails, an apple-green dress—

Mrs. L. Enough, Betty.

Car. (peeping out at the door at the end). She has a parrot.

Eug. (peeping also). And a little dog.

Betty. A menagerie is coming. (*Mrs. L. looks at her severely*) I will hush, ma'am. (*Mrs. L. goes out to greet the OLD COUSIN*) Oh, if Mrs. Leroy had seen that, she would have laughed till her sides ached. (*peeping*) And she has a back like a round loaf of bread. (*she laughs, but stops suddenly as Mrs. L. enters*) Oh!

Enter Mrs. L. and the OLD COUSIN at the end. EUGENIA and CAROLINE have gone up to the left. The OLD COUSIN is deformed, dressed in a grotesque travelling-dress; she carries in her left hand a cage in which is a parrot, and under her right arm a little dog.

Mrs. L. Come in, Miss Durant; I bid you welcome.

Old Cousin. Thank you, my dear Mrs. Landon. I arrive like a thunder-clap, without an invitation; but I hope you will pardon me. Where are your daughters?

Mrs. L. Come here, Eugenia and Caroline. (*EUGENIA and CAROLINE bow.*)

Old C. Do not bow to me. (*going to them*) Come and kiss me.

Eug. (kissing her). Excuse me.

Car. (kissing her). Miss Durant.

Old C. (passing to the right to put the cage on the centre-table, and seeing BETTY) And this is the nurse. Good morning, my friend. She has a pleasant face.

Betty (courtesying). Good morning, miss. (*aside*) At least she has good taste.

Mrs. L. Miss Durant, permit me to relieve you.

Old C. Of my dog and parrot? Thank you. (*Mrs. L. takes the dog*) It must seem absurd to travel with a collection of animals; but one must have some society. (*seeing EUGENIA and CAROLINE turn away to laugh*) Ah! that amuses my little cousins.

Mrs. L. Do not suppose——

Old C. Do not try to excuse them. I understand that they are surprised at my friendship for Spot; but he resembles me. He is not handsome, but he has some good qualities. First, he is grateful for what is done for him; and then he never makes fun of my misfortunes. There are many persons who are not so considerate. (*EUGENIA and CAROLINE embarrassed.*)

Mrs. L. Will you let Betty carry the cage also?

Old C. No; Jocko is too troublesome for other people to be annoyed with him.

Betty. Oh, no; these birds are so interesting. My mother had one which talked like ten people. I was brought up with him. You shall see how your parrot and I agree. (*to the parrot*) Don't you think so, Jocko? Good day. Do you know me, Jocko?

The Parrot (very loudly). Chatterbox!

Betty. What! (*everybody laughs.*)

Old C. Well, you asked him if he knew you.

Mrs. L. Your room is ready. Perhaps you will like to change your dress.

Old C. Thank you. (*to EUGENIA and CAROLINE*) We shall meet again, my dears; and do not call me miss; call me by my name, Old Cousin Kitty. (*as the OLD COUSIN passes BETTY, the parrot cries out "Chatterbox!"*) Be still, sir! Do people say all they think? (*she goes out at the right with Mrs. L.*)

Betty. That is an impudent bird! He does not give a very high idea of the people who have charge of his education. (*EUGENIA and CAROLINE stand opposite each other and exchange looks.*)

Eug. Well?

Car. And that is a country cousin!

Betty. Did I deceive you, young ladies, about her dress?

Eug. When we go out with her, everybody will stare as if a circus were coming.

Betty. Without counting her parrot and dog. Unprincipled beasts!

Eug. It will be impossible to read aloud in the evening.

Car. Or to ride horseback.

Eug. And she will keep mamma at home, so we cannot prepare for her birth-day.

Car. I am not dressed yet.

Eug. My verses are not composed.

Betty. My cream is not made.

Car. What a misfortune to have country cousins?

Betty. Here she is!

Car. Already?

Eug. I shall run!

[*She goes out.*]

Enter the OLD COUSIN. She has taken off her cloak and hat, wears a simple and suitable dress, and has a cap on.

Old C. (holding a little jewel-case in her hand). Do not be afraid, children; I did not come to disturb you. I want to help you. (*she puts the jewel-case on the table at the right*) John told me on the way that it was your mother's birth-day.

Car. Hush! she might hear.

Old C. No; I asked her to go out to pay for my ticket at the railroad office.

Car. Then we are alone.

Old C. But we must make haste. (*to BETTY*) First, you must return to your stove. I saw splendid things there as I passed.

Betty. You are very kind, but as to that I flatter myself I know everything that can be done with saucepans and oven. I succeed equally with jellies, pastries, creams; and I have never failed except in *floating island*.

Old C. Floating island! I have a receipt for it which never fails, and I will write it for you and answer for its success.

Betty. Oh, how thankful I am! (*to CAROLINE*) This proves education.

Car. Yes, in cooking.

Old C. (who is writing at the left). It seems, my dear Caroline, that John could not get what you wanted for your hair from your friend; and fortunately I have in this casket some rows of

pearls, and you must look and see if they will answer your purpose. (*giving what she had written to BETTY*) There! it is easy. It needs only confidence and—fresh eggs.

Betty. Thank you, thank you! If it will only succeed!

[*She goes out at the right.*]

Car. (*who has opened the case*). Oh, what an elegant necklace!

Old C. You like it? Then you must keep it. Remember, you owe obedience to an old relation.

Car. Oh, I ought not deprive you of it.

Old C. Of jewelry for a ball! You think me formed for dancing then?

Car. The pearls are so beautiful——

Old C. That they must not be hidden; and you must have them.

Car. But what can I have done to deserve——

Old C. That I love you! Well, you are one of the family. Do you count as nothing those ties of relationship which assure us protectors and friends before we can choose them for ourselves? Is it nothing to have name, interests and honor in common?

Car. (*confusedly*). I have never thought of what you say.

Old C. But now you know it; you will take the necklace?

Car. I do not know how to thank you.

Old C. By hastening to put it on before your mother comes.

Car. I shall fly. (*she looks at the necklace with rapture*) Oh, what lovely pearls! (*kissing the OLD COUSIN*) O, cousin, how glad I am you came! [*Runs out.*]

Old C. (*alone*). Poor child! The sight of me frightened her. I know that Old Cousin Kitty has nothing attractive about her, and must be tolerated like a bitter medicine for her useful qualities. Ah! here is the other one. I remember her uncle told me she is the blue-stockings of the family.

EUGENIA enters at the right with a paper and pencil in her hand, without seeing the OLD COUSIN.

Eug. I shall never do it; this last line is so difficult.

Old C. (*approaching her*). May I see the first ones?

Eug. (*turning*). Cousin! (*she hides the paper.*)

Old C. Oh, I know you have a weakness for poetry. I have seen a piece of your composition which your uncle had—an address to the moon. Every poet says sweet things to the moon. Happily she is so far away she can turn a deaf ear.

Eug. You doubtless find that very foolish.

Old C. To make verses?

Eug. Yes.

Old C. I love poetry, and travelled with a volume of it in my hand. I have brought you two volumes of poetry by a neighbor of mine, with a parcel from the author; and you shall have it on one condition.

Eug. A parcel! For me? Oh, if I could see it! What condition?

Old C. That I may see what you have written.

Eug. It is for mamma's birth-day. I wished to express our tenderness very simply.

Old C. Let us see.

Eug. (*reading*).

For a monarch's birth-day feast his flattering courtiers sing
A thousand sounding wishes for the glory of his throne;
But to a tender mother the dearest wish to bring
Is—

Old C. Well! (*dictates*.)

Is for her children's welfare, far dearer than her own.

Eug. There! that makes the verse.

Old C. You had not found it then?

Eug. Well—nearly. I wanted only the shape and the rhyme. But I had the idea.

Old C. Then I guessed it?

Eug. Precisely. Now if I could, while I am here, make a second stanza (*she sits down before the table at the left, and seems to consider*.)

Enter BETTY with a dish.

Betty. O, ladies, ladies! Help! help! help!

Eug. What is the matter?

Old C. What is it?

Betty. My floating island is gone! My floating island is lost!

Old C. Oh, you have frightened me so!

Betty. I have followed the receipt, miss. Look! there are six apples cut into boiling water; four whites of eggs. I was going to put the rest——

Old C. But instead of talking, beat the eggs. (*she takes the dish and beats the eggs.*)

Betty. There! I talked a little to Johu. Perhaps that is the reason.

Old C. Quick! The other ingredients.

Betty. Oh, yes! [*She runs out at the right.*]

Old C. Well, the second stanza?

Eug. I am trying it. (*she reads.*)

But to a tender mother the dearest wish to bring
Is for her children's welfare, far dearer than her own.

Old C. (*dictating.*)

Rejoice, O, you who make us glad——

Eug. That is it.

Betty. (*coming in with sugar and orange-flower water; she looks into the dish.*) Oh, the island is mended!

Eug. Rejoice——

Betty. I think I do rejoice.

Eug. (*writing.*) Rejoice, O, you who make us glad——

Betty. Miss Eugenia is glad, too! Oh, it is real foam! If Mrs. Leroy could only see this!

Old C. (*dictating.*)

——whose every thought is true,

That our wish to-day, my mother, our dearest and our best——

(*to BETTY*) Powdered sugar and the orange.

Eug. But that does not rhyme.

Betty (*looking at the dish*). It does not rhyme, but it rises beautifully.

Old C. (*dictating.*)

The power to make us happy is the dearest wish for you,
And for us that we may merit to be thus forever blest.

Eug. (writing). That is exactly what I thought ; but it is you, cousin Kitty, who made the stanza.

Betty. And the floating island. (*taking the dish.* To EUGENIA) Ah, without your cousin I never should have succeeded.

Eug. (aside). Nor I. I do not know how to thank you. (*to OLD COUSIN.*)

Old C. For helping to rhyme your feelings? Ah, my child, the important thing is to have them, and to prove them by your actions.

Eug. Thank you, dear cousin. Ah, if you had not come, we should never have been ready.

Old C. Your mother might come, my dear ; hurry to finish your preparations. [EUGENIA goes out at the right.

Old C. (alone). There is another friend I have made. Now I have spies in the place, but it still remains to gain the commander. Here she comes!

Enter MRS. L., at the end.

Mrs. L. I have just settled for you at the office,

Old C. Many thanks ; but we have now to settle something ourselves. Let us commence by sitting down and talking. (*she sits down at the right.*)

Mrs. L. (taking a seat). Willingly.

Old C. You were surprised when you received a letter announcing my arrival.

Mrs. L. I confess I did not expect the pleasure—

Old C. Of receiving an old cousin whose name you have seen often enough on law-papers for fifteen years. (*she draws papers from her pocket*) I have brought the papers to you.

Mrs. L. (drily). I do not see what interest I can have in papers which deprive me of half I possess.

Old C. Excuse me ; but I have found a deed which my brother did not know of, and which proves your right to the property. Read it.

Mrs. L. Yes ; here is the paper for which I looked so often, and for want of which my cause was lost.

Old C. Happily it is recovered.

Mrs. L. No ; it is too late. The decision of the judges is irrevocable.

Old C. I think you are mistaken. When an injustice is committed between honest people, there is always a tribunal at which to find justice.

Mrs. L. What ?

Old C. Conscience, Mrs. Landon. (*she rises ; Mrs. L. rises also*) It is conscience which told me to bring you this deed ; and if others can do nothing for the decision which deprives you of your property, it is for me to revoke it by renouncing the advantages of a wrong, and destroying the titles which give me a right to what should belong to you.

Mrs. L. Is it possible ? (*OLD COUSIN tears the papers into little pieces*) O, Cousin Kitty ; such disinterestedness !

Old C. Not at all. I give you back what belongs to you, and I take your friendship, which did not belong to me. It is clear that I gain after all.

Eug. } (*behind the scenes*). Miss Kitty ! Miss Kitty !
Car. }

Mrs. L. What is the matter ?

Old C. Hush ! (*she draws Mrs. L. toward the left. EUGENIA and CAROLINE appear at the door at the end ; the first holds a bouquet in her hand ; the second is disguised as a Muse, and holds the verses addressed to her mother.*)

Eug. (*entering*). All is ready.

Betty (*entering at the right with her dish*). Miss Kitty, the floating island has succeeded !

Eug. (*seeing Mrs. L.*). Mamma !

Betty. Mrs. Landon !

Car. Oh, what a pity !

Old C. What difference does it make ? We can tell your mother it is a surprise.

Mrs. L. (*aside*). Besides, I knew all about it. (*to OLD COUSIN*) Were you in the secret ?

Car. I think she was ! It was my cousin who furnished my head-dress.

Eug. And my verses.

Betty. She beat my eggs for me.

Mrs. L. So she helped you all to celebrate my birthday ; and, as if that were not enough to make her welcome, she has given up what the law-suit gave her, and restored to us all we had lost.

Eug. Can it be?

Car. Such generosity !

Betty. And the young ladies were so sorry to see their country cousin arrive. (EUGENIA and CAROLINE embarrassed.)

Old C. (*laughing*). Oh, is that true ?

Mrs. L. Yes, it is.

Eug. (*taking OLD COUSIN'S hand*). But now we know her ; we are so ashamed of our nonsense.

Car. (*taking the other hand*). Please forgive us !

Old C. I will do better, my dear children ; I will love you. (*taking their arms under hers*) Only let this be a lesson for you ; it proves the truth of an old proverb.

Eug. } What proverb ?
Car. }

Old C. You must not judge the tree by the bark.]

CURTAIN.

Either of the following valedictory addresses may now be given ; or, instead, the exercises of the evening may be terminated with the closing chorus, " Good night," which follows them.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

[From " Oliver Optic's Magazine."]

FELLOW-SCHOLARS : Another year of our school life is finished, and many of us have come to-day for the last time. But whether we go or stay we shall all find abundant cause to remember our school with gratitude. Day after day we have assembled here, and the associations which cluster around this place—more vivid in our minds to-day than ever before—can never be forgotten. They will go with us through life, and form an important part in the individual experience of each one of us.

The events of this day and of the past school days are to be remembered and recalled with pleasure, perhaps with pride, when we have passed far down into the vale of years. As we hear the aged of to-day rehearse the scenes of their youth, so shall we revive the memories of our school when the battle of life has been fought, and we sit down to repose after the burden and heat of the day are passed. Then little incidents, which seem now hardly worth telling, will possess a deeper interest, and will linger long and fondly in the imagination. To-day with its trials and its triumphs will be regarded as an epoch in the career of some of us ; as a day worth remembering by all of us.

We cannot take leave of these familiar walls, and sunder the pleasant associations which have bound us together here, without acknowledging the debt of gratitude we owe to our school and to our teachers for their fostering care. We have too little experience of the duties and responsibilities of active life fully to understand and appreciate the value of the intellectual and moral training we have received in this place ; but we know that we are the wiser and the better now for it. We know that without it we could achieve neither a moral nor a business success.

To many of us the education we have obtained here will be our only capital in beginning life ; and, whatever of wealth and honor we may hereafter win in the world, we shall be largely indebted to our school for the means of success.

Let us, then, ever remember our school with affection and gratitude. We shall ever feel a noble pride in those who have so wisely and so generously placed the means of education within the reach of all. To the school officers of the present year, and to our teachers, we return our sincere thanks for their hearty and continued interest in our welfare.

And now, fellow-scholars, the class of this year will soon separate, never again to be united in the school-room. May prosperity and happiness attend both teachers and scholars in their future career !

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

TO BE SPOKEN BY A LITTLE BOY AT A SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

Valedictories are in fashion now,
 Therefore to-day I come, and make my bow,
 To thank you, patrons, who so kind have been,
 To list with patience to our simple scene.
 We're pleased to see before us such a crowd
 Of visitors, of whom we're very proud ;
 And while we've tried to interest you all,
 We know in knowledge we are very small ;
 But we are all determined we will try
 To climb the hill of science very high ;
 And since we've had your presence here to-day,
 We think 'twill cheer us far along our way.
 And now, kind friends, just let me say to you,
 Our exercises here are nearly through ;
 And hoping that we have not wearied you,
 We bid you all a kind—a warm adieu.
 Teachers—our thanks to you let me express,
 For all your care and unweariedness ;
 And when we're parted may you ne'er forget
 This happy band whom you oft have met.
 Dear schoolmates—when to-morrow's rising sun
 Another day his journey has begun ;
 And when the chiming bell strikes on our ear,
 Think you we all shall be assembled here ?
 Ah, no ! vacation days have surely come—
 To-morrow's sun will find us all at home.
 And a soft voice is whispering—" Though we part,
 Affection's wreath is twined around each heart ;"
 And until memory's brightest sun has set,
 These happy hours we will ne'er forget ;
 And now, though bound as if by magic spell,
 Teachers and schoolmates, we must say, *farewell*.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

We thank you that you responded to our invitation to visit us to-night, and we wish we could have entertained you in a more satisfactory manner. Our exercises are now closed, and we wish you a kind good night.

Before the audience have time to rise, the whole school should join in singing the following song. The good-nights in the last verse might be repeated two, three or four times, if thought desirable. As soon as the pupils begin to sing good-night, in the last part of the last verse, it has a good effect to have them begin to leave the room, singing all the time. They could pass into other rooms, but it is better if they can go out of doors, as the sounds of the faint good nights, coming from a distance, is very pleasant to the ear.

1. Good night! good night! Now to all a kind good night!

Lo! the moon from heav'n is beam-ing, O'er the sil-ver wa-ters
streaming, 'Tis the hour of calm de-light.

Good night! good night! good night!

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff contains a melody with notes and rests, and the bottom staff contains a bass line. The lyrics 'Good night! good night! good night!' are written below the top staff, with the words 'good' and 'night!' aligned with the notes above them.

2. Good night! good night! Now to all a kind good night!
 Angel-like, while earth is sleeping,
 Stars above their watch are keeping,
 As the star of Bethlehem bright.
 Good night! good night! good night!

3. Good night! good night! Now to all a kind good night!
 Slumber sweetly till the morning,
 Till the sun the world adorning,
 Rises in his glorious might!
 Good night! good night! good night!

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